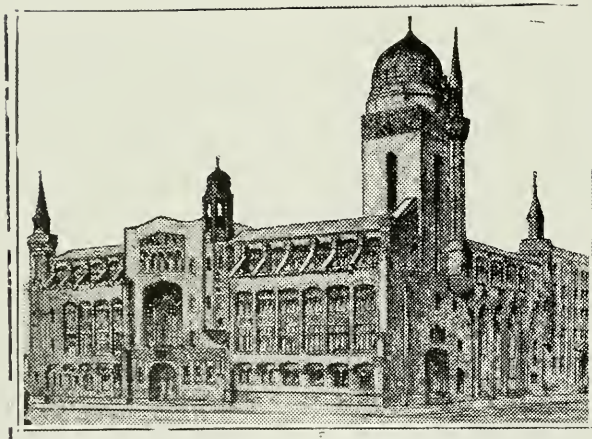


JUNE
1932

WASHING







Yeshiva College

MASMIID

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THE STUDENTS' ORGANIZATION OF THE YESHIVA COLLEGE

NUMBER IV FIRST COMMENCEMENT ISSUE JUNE, 1932

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Dr. BERNARD REVEL
President of the Faculty



Dr. SHELLEY R. SAFIR
Dean

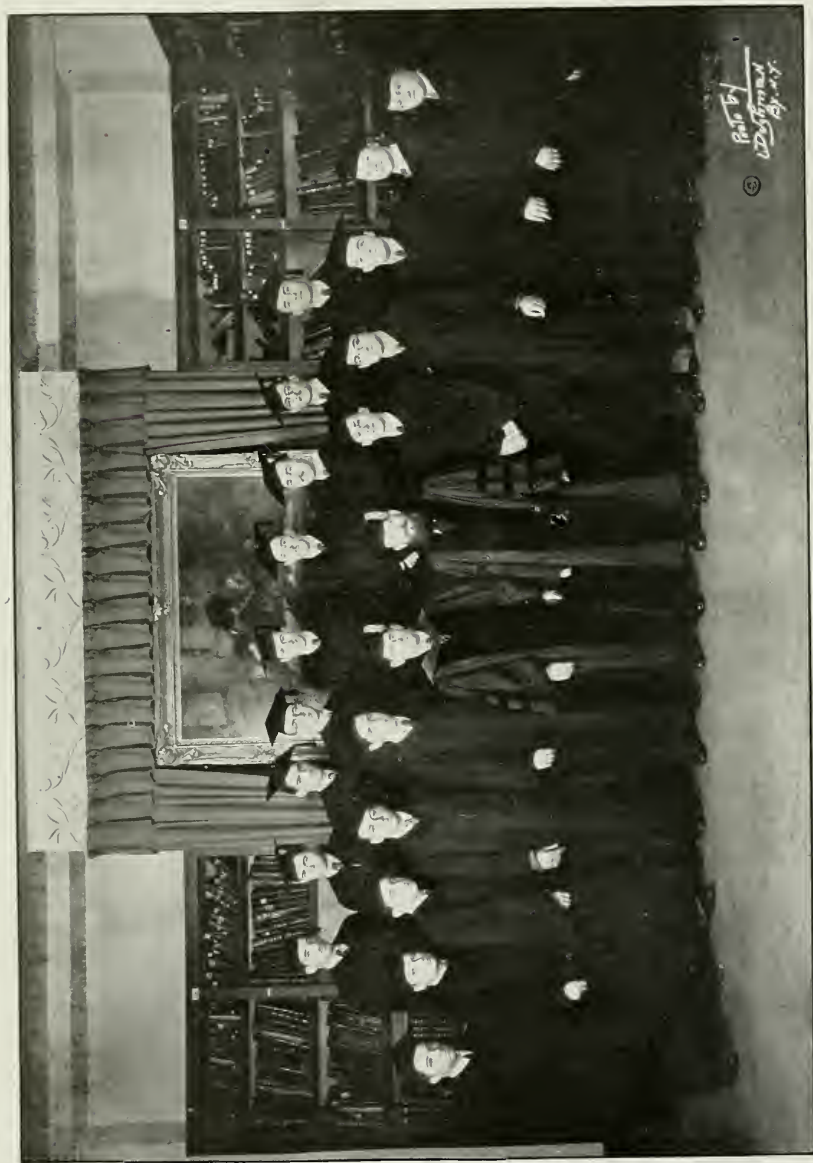
In recognition of their sincere enthusiasm to the cause of Ye hiva College, we the Student Body, respectfully dedicate this our First Commencement Issue to

THE FACULTY

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Joseph T. Shipley, Ph.D.	English Instructor in English, School of Education, C. C. N. Y.
Louis A. Warsoff, LL.M., J.Sc.D.	Government Instructor in Government, Brooklyn College.
Solomon Zeitlin, Ph.D.	Jewish History Professor of Rabbinics, Dropsie College.



CLASS OF 1932

TO ALMA MATER

Thou, noble seat of science and of art,
Thou, sacred home of great Hebraic lore!
E'en from the day thou first oped wide thy door
Thy fame has been proclaimed in home and mart;
E'en from thy glorious, momentous start
Thy praise has been relayed from shore to shore,
And love for thee, engendered more and more
In every true and loyal Jewish heart.

We, too, thy sons, O Alma Mater dear,
Who have long dwelt amid thy holy "ells,"
Who have drunk of the waters, fresh and clear,
That e'er gush forth from thy two-cultured
wells,
We pledge to thee our love and high esteem;
Thou art a fact now, risen from a dream.

JOSEPH KAMINETSKY.



LOUIS ENGELBERG

Memphis, Tenn.

Born too late to be freed by Lincoln



DAVID GOLOVENSKY

Brooklyn, N. Y.

"That other rabbi in Brooklyn is pretty good too."



CHAIM GOLDEN

Rochester, N. Y.

"A Hebrew speech? . . .
my specialty."



JACOB I. HARTSTEIN

New York City

At least he has a job. . . .
"What, no pay?"



MAX HIRSCHMAN
New York City
Angling for trouble is a good
post-graduate course



MAX HOCH
New York City
"I'm usually paid when my
picture is published."



LOUIS IZENSTEIN
Springfield, Mass.
A good pre-dental occupation is
pulling teeth for caps and gowns



JOSEPH KAMINETSKY
Brooklyn, N. Y.
"I was going to say that we will
have a great 'Masmid', please G-d"



ELI LEVINE
Portland, Maine

Even giant minds come in cozy
models these days



MENDEL H. LEWITTES
Bronx, N. Y.

"It seems there was a mathematician
named Einstein . . . Harrumph!"



JOE LIEF
Boston, Mass.

"Now, in Bah-ston when we
study Greek . . ."



HUGO MANTEL
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Still Hungary to devour new
books



JOSHUA MATZ
Bronx, N. Y.

"Sign this check, please"



HYMAN MUSS
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Our own Indian Chief—
"Chief Sit-All-Day-Do-Fine-Work"



ALEX. W. NISSENBAUM
Jersey City, N. J.

Our gift to Jersey's Educational
System. Good work



MORRIS S. PENKOWER
Brooklyn, N. Y.

—Oh, yes, we have our "Yes-
men", too . . . "Uh-huh, right!"



HARRY A. STEINBERG

Seattle, Wash.

Our representative to that new French
suburb, "Feiffen-und-Furren"



ISRAEL UPBIN

Bronx, N. Y.

"Is that a Phi Beta Kappa key?
Oh, I beg your pardon!"



JULIUS WASHER

Los Angeles, Cal.

" '31, if you please . . .
California, here I come"

To the First Graduating Class of Yeshiva College

From

DR. BERNARD REVEL

Conceived in the spirit of Israel's steadfastness to the spiritual certainties and supreme moral ideals of Judaism, which, in a world of shifting standards and changing values, in ages of transition, stand torch-like, immutable and eternal, Yeshiva College was founded, the only college of liberal arts and sciences under Jewish auspices in this land, yet a link in the long and glorious chain of lighthouses of learning, uniting mankind in common understanding and spiritual striving.

Yeshiva College is, by design, a small college. It has set itself the task of training a select group of young men, who combine zeal for knowledge with a large ability for learning, to attain intellectual and spiritual integrity; it endeavors to recognize the aptitude of its individual students and to help create the conditions for their growth and development.

It is the conviction of Yeshiva College that Jewish studies, in the widest connotations, are an integral phase of the humanistic disciplines, that the cultural resources, traditions and heritage of Judaism, in its millennial history, and its inter-history, are essential for the full understanding of the unfolding of mankind and of man's history. Yeshiva College is dedicated to the transformation of these aspects and values of Judaism, its teachings concerning God, man and nature, fused and harmoniously blent with the scholarship of the ages, with the other currents of creative culture and the humanizing forces of the age, into living and creative reality in the hearts and minds of its children, for the enrichment of the life of the Jewish community and the advancement of our beloved country.

Moreover, Jewish learning has been studied until now as an isolated field, a sort of "Jewish

antiquities", almost as a former culture; in Yeshiva College, the aspects of Jewish culture and the Jewish contributions to the life and thought of the ages assume a living shape and a continuous significance. Jewish contributions to mathematics, for example, are no longer ignored or studied as a special, abstruse subject, but become part of the study of the history and development of that science. The influence of the Bible upon English literature and the English language, its diction, its images, its subjects, becomes an integral part of the College work in English. The Greek of the Septuagint is a phase in the field of Greek studies. The judgments and misjudgments, the understandings and misunderstandings, the general interaction of Hellenistic and Jewish thought and history are to be surveyed as a part of Jewish and classical culture, so that the whole becomes, beyond mere archeological interest, subject for the Yeshiva College student with significance applicable to life and thought today—so that in time Jewish studies will come to be, not the isolated survey of statistically presented activities and attitudes, but the consideration of a spirit and a point of view in the various fields of human understanding. Yeshiva College hopes to bring into American cultural life the best of the Jewish spirit, of its cultural ideals, as its contribution to the best in the spirit of our country. The College recognizes the difficulties in its way and the limitations at present imposed upon it. The full realization of its vision is still in the distant future, but we have the present opportunity for growth along the hoped for line.

No understanding friend of the true and abiding values of humanity could view with anything but great apprehension the possibility of the sub-

merging of the spiritual Jewish life in this land and the loss of those qualities that have characterized Israel through the ages: steadfastness and devotion to his ideals, and readiness to sacrifice for the things he considered holy. Unendingly the emphasis in true Jewish life has been upon the ethical significances, upon the abiding values of the spirit. And in this age, when the materialistic conceptions of pseudo-science and partial knowledge still flaunt their half formed theories as fundamental laws of universal scope, science itself is tending to reassert those abiding values beyond the physical and temporal. Science and her hand-maid philosophy are moving again toward the realm of the spirit. The increased knowledge of the cosmos in the wide reaches of space and time and in the infinitesimal field of the electron and the quantum constitutes a turning point in man's understanding of the universe, causing a shifting in world-attitude back toward the emphasis on spiritual values, to the great truths of Judaism. The understanding is growing that science not only is to be applied to industry, but is mainly to serve humanity in its social, its spiritual aspects and ideals. By its contribution to this point of view, among its students and, through them, ultimately in the Jewish communities of the land, Yeshiva College hopes to play a part in the movement back toward the spirit, as well as in the discovery and interpretation of knowledge, and help toward an increasing understanding of and living in ac-

cord with the high and eternal ideals, Israel's steadfastness and spirituality.

With the help of Him, Who is the sublime source of all truth and blessing, this sanctuary of the spirit shall become the altar of which the Bible says: "It shall be a witness between us that the Lord is God." Out of its portals shall come a Jewish leadership—lay and spiritual—high in mind and spirit, conscious of its unique heritage, striving to develop in this land a Jewish life spiritually satisfying and culturally creative, based upon the eternal foundations of the Torah, upon Israel's steadfastness and spiritually leading, to the service of God and our fellowmen. You, my dear young friends, have been taught the significance of values not to be measured in terms of practicability and gainful success, but rather in terms of human happiness, of intellectual and spiritual aspirations and fulfillment. Follow your convictions rooted in the Torah of truth and the truth of the Torah, fearing neither struggle nor sacrifice. Acknowledge the sovereignty of God and your conscience and be the glad servant of your ideals. Hold fast to them, for in them is the fulness of your lives and the hope of mankind. The ultimate forces of life, which decide the course of human progress, are the spiritual forces. I end with the fervent prayer of our people:

"The Lord our God be with us as He was with our fathers."



From Our Dean

DR. S. R. SAFIR

Nearly a score of years ago—seventeen to be exact—the authorities and leaders of our Yeshiva were confronted with the difficult problem of what to do with the boys who were completing their elementary school studies and would soon be ready for high school work. Two courses were open to the Directors. One was to permit the boys to proceed to the public high schools to pursue their secular studies, thereby sacrificing the rich background of Jewish learning which was to serve as the basis for the further understanding and appreciation of the history and literature, the laws and customs of our people and the knowledge of the Holy Torah. The other alternative was to found a secondary school as part of the Yeshiva, where the boys could continue, under one roof, the subjects of the high school curriculum without discontinuing or interrupting their Talmudic and Jewish studies in the Yeshiva proper or in the Teachers Institute.

Our directors and leaders solved the problem by founding the Talmudical Academy, the first academic high school in America, under Jewish auspices, under the complete control and supervision of the Yeshiva, where the spiritual environment is in harmony with the immortal precepts and truths of our holy laws; where the Jewish spirit unhampered, is encouraged to develop to its fullest extent. In this environment, permeated by a sympathetic understanding between teacher and pupil and by a close harmony between the atmosphere of the school and that of the home, the best that is in the student has been brought to the surface. How well this plan has worked out is fully and amply attested by the history of the progress and the successes which our high school has enjoyed for the past decade and a half. In all its aspects the Talmudical Academy has written a chapter in Jewish education of which its sponsors and leaders have every reason to be proud.

If, seventeen years ago, the need for a high

school was urgent, the necessity for a college as part of the Yeshiva became in its turn of paramount importance. With every graduation from the high school some of the most promising students, only too frequently the prize winners and the scholarship winners, were lost forever to the Yeshiva and in some cases to the cause of Orthodox Judaism in America—a loss which both could ill sustain. The knowledge-hungry high school graduates, eager and impatient to go on with their secular studies in college, and not having this opportunity in the Yeshiva, left to register in the day sessions of the colleges of the city or remained in the Yeshiva and continued their college courses in the evening sessions of the city's colleges with all the attending evils of night work, Friday evening classes, absences incurred during religious holidays, and the strain of adjusting their activity to two widely differing institutions.

It was to afford these young men the opportunity of continuing their secular studies in an environment conducive to the preservation of their rich heritage of Jewish knowledge and culture that Yeshiva College was founded four years ago. At a meeting held March 29, 1928, the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York authorized the work of Yeshiva College, empowering it, as an integral part of the Rabbi Isaac Elchanan Theological Seminary, to give courses in liberal arts and sciences leading to the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science.

The aims of Yeshiva College may be briefly summarized as follows:

1. To afford a harmonious union of culture and spirituality, to provide Jewish youth with a college education that will meet the standard of the highest educational institutions in America, but which will be coordinated and closely bound with the spirit and the tenets of Judaism.

2. To provide a college education that will

strive zealously to imbue the American Jewish youth with the contribution of the spiritual values of Judaism, of the Jewish ideals of education, of the Jewish life-philosophy and of the Jewish perspective upon learning and knowledge; where Jewish studies will be an integral part of the course in the humanities.

3. To provide a college education that will tend to develop the future leaders of orthodox Jewry, rabbis in our houses of worship, teachers in our houses of learning, and a laity versed in the Torah and traditions of our people.

At the cornerstone laying of the group of buildings which were to be the future home of the first and only liberal arts college under Jewish auspices anywhere in the world, great educators and prominent men of affairs from many parts of our country gathered to bring word of greeting and cheer to the youngest of the city's family of colleges. They recognized in it an important addition to the cultural and academic life of our city and nation and prophesied a brilliant future for it in the field of secular studies.

Altho Yeshiva College is only four years old, too brief perhaps a time in which to form any definite conclusion as to the quality of work done by our boys, the results obtained in the various courses of studies and in the comparative tests given by members of our faculty and outside educators, indicate that the work of the Yeshiva College students is in no respect inferior to that of colleges of the first class throughout the country. After the recent psychological tests Dr. Henry E. Garrett, Asst. Prof. of Psychology at Columbia University, states: "These results are truly astonishing, when one considers the type of student body and the program carried . . . The Yeshiva student is able to do effectively much more work than the ordinary college student because as our tests show, he is highly intelligent. Furthermore, he is serious of purpose and industrious—traits as exceptional in college students as they are desirable."

Prof. Charles F. Horne, Prof. of English at the College of the City of New York, and senior among our associated faculty members, after four years' acquaintance with the Yeshiva College stud-

ent, declares: "I have never met youths more able, more alive, more eager to improve and develop themselves. A larger number of students earn high grades in their classes here than in any other classes I have ever taught. They grasp every new thought with eager appreciation . . . They are really noteworthy for their eagerness for knowledge, their industry and their breadth of understanding." Statements of the same sort have been volunteered by nearly every instructor and educator who has had opportunity to observe Yeshiva College work.

Pleasant as it is to feel that our student body is thus eminently qualified to derive great good from college work in an harmonious atmosphere of spirituality and culture, no little responsibility is thereby imposed upon the College authorities, to select a faculty adequate to the exceptional demands such students would make upon them. This task has been met, and experts in the various fields, of sound scholarship, wide experience, and rich personality, have been provided, by choosing with the utmost care an organic College Faculty, and complimenting this group with an associated Faculty drawn from the professors of great metropolitan colleges and universities nearby. In this way, in a controlled and harmonious environment, with proper equipment for their tasks, the students of Yeshiva College have found men by whose measure they may rise to worthy work.

Of the many problems that naturally arise during the first years of a new institution, suffice it to say that for each year of the new college's work the official approval of the State Department of Education (the Board of Regents at Albany) was duly forthcoming. In its first year, Yeshiva College was placed upon the approved list of colleges State Scholarship holders may attend. Now, after four years of unceasingly devoted activity, the first stage in its long journey has been reached and in its first Commencement Yeshiva College points its way through the years.

The extra-mural life of Yeshiva College is as yet, unfortunately, because of lack of time, limited in scope. Thus far, athletics has played a minor role in the life of our institution, which is as it should be, with all due respects to the benefits

derived from competitive sports. The only activities in which our young men have found time to take a keen interest are those of a literary and cultural nature, such as oratory, dramatics, debating and writing in school publications. It is appropriate, however, to record at this time the establishment of *Scripta Mathematica*, a quarterly devoted to the facts, history, and philosophy of mathematics, the first of the Yeshiva College publications. This Journal owes its inception, in large measure, to the enthusiastic response in good work elicited by the editor, Prof. Jekuthiel Ginsberg, from his Yeshiva College students in higher mathematics, two of whom have articles in the first issue of the Journal.

The high quality of the graduates' work dur-

ing their four years leads us to hope that throughout their days they will ripen in wisdom and strengthen their spiritual mould. They will be both a test of the college and source of inspiration to future classes. I trust that, both in themselves and in the many who come after them, the harmonious blending of modern knowledge and eternal spirituality and faith will sustain the graduates of Yeshiva College through all the days of their life, and make them useful members of the community in every field of endeavor in which their fruitful work may lie. We send them forth with the fervent hope and prayer that they will become a force for good in the great brotherhood of mankind.



The Value of the Yeshiva College

By

CHARLES F. HORNE, *Professor of English*



When the Yeshiva College was established four years ago, I entered its faculty with eagerness. I thought I saw a very large value, both for Judaism and for the world, which this College might develop. In the last four years I have become steadily more convinced of the important place in education which the College can occupy and, so far as its limited facilities permit, is already occupying. Today the College is supplying to a group of earnest students the same type of education as our New York State law requires of all colleges of the first rank. It is also supplying something far larger and deeper. Side by side with the regular studies required for a Bachelor's degree, strengthening these and making them significant, the College is giving its students a thorough training in advanced Hebraic studies, the

history, learning, and tradition of the Jews through all the ages. Thus the students are given opportunity to become learned not only in the wisdom of the Moderns, but also in that of their own ancient race.

That marks the peculiar function and value of the Yeshiva College; it turns forth men who can be equally able as Jews and as Americans. Our State has many colleges, great and learned colleges, to which Jewish boys are welcome; but the tendency of most of these institutions is to turn the student into a capable Modern, not into a capable Jew. To those people who believe that the Jew should welcome this prospect of becoming thus absorbed in the "melting pot," should abandon his racial identity in order to become a "good American," the Yeshiva would seem useless, an obstruction to the desired process. Personally, I am not of the group who think this. As the descendant of a long line of New Englanders, I believe the spiritual forces of earth are greater, far greater, than the material forces. I would wish to encourage every spark of spiritual fire which I find anywhere in the world. The divine force which I believe spoke through Abraham, Moses, Isaiah and many another Hebrew prophet, must not be lost; it cannot be lost. I believe the Jew has a distinctive power, a distinctive understanding which should not be rejected either by him or by the world. I believe he should remain emphatically himself, a unique individuality profound in spiritual sensitiveness as well as in intellectual depth.

There are two different types amid our American Jews. One type, the business man, looks to the future. He assimilates quickly the new customs and ideas he meets here; but in becoming a very good American, he sometimes almost ceases to be a Jew. The other type, the thoughtful Jew, clings more persistently to the past. He remembers his racial culture and traditions. He is conservative rather than radical. It is to this more conservative Jew that we may look hopefully for some real and important contributions to American civilization, through his harmonizing of his Jewish wisdom and intensity of feeling with our

Americanism. We do not want to educate him to forget his traditions.

Hence we do not want him to become absorbed wholly into our public school system. The Yeshiva College is exactly the institution he needs. It is indeed the capstone, the highest point of Jewish education, the culmination of the great series of institutions which have been built up by the generous and benevolent Jews of America. It should be the pride of every Hebrew, whether orthodox or modern.

The work of the Yeshiva College is to take there, the most serious, the most earnest, and often the ablest of the younger Jews, and to educate them in this double knowledge I have described, Hebraic and American. They meet modern philosophy—which says some very wild and confusing things; and they meet modern literature—which is not always courteous toward the Jew. But they meet all these things as discussed in a kindly spirit. Even those harsher criticisms of their race which they will inevitably meet in the world at large, they learn to understand in our College by means of sympathetic discussion instead of angry attack. Hence they are enabled to harmonize past and present, their own world and the outer world, in an intellectual understanding of each. They thus emerge from the Yeshiva not as bewildered Jewish scholars in an alien civilization, but as American college graduates knowing all that our State educational authorities demand for a college degree, and knowing also the high value of their own race and its traditions. They thus become citizens of peculiar value both to their own people and to America.

Up to five hundred years ago, the Jews possessed great universities of their own, colleges the foremost in the world in learning and in culture. In all the centuries since then the Jews have been without these great instruments of development, and have suffered sorely for the lack of them. Only in our own day has this distinctive culminating voice of Jewish culture been revived. Today the Jewish people have founded both the University at Jerusalem and the Yeshiva College in New York. The first is, of necessity, far removed from America in spirit as well as in location; it

can do little to influence American civilization. Thus the Yeshiva College possesses, and possesses alone, the remarkable opportunity of once more raising Jewish scholarship here to its ancient splendor.

There are practical difficulties in the way. A four year college course is supposed to occupy all the time and all the intelligence of a young man who undertakes it. How then can the Yeshiva College give its students all the work of a regular American college, and also, at the same time, give them the required Hebraic studies? The answer is twofold. For one thing, in energetic America many a student "works his way through college"—that is he spends long hours at labor intended to support life, and yet he "passess" in his scholastic courses. The Yeshiva relieves its students from this strain by offering "scholarships." The deserving student whose

family lacks funds is thus enabled to reside within the college and have his chief needs supplied there while studying.

As for the double field of study required, the only answer justifying its undisputable extra size and extra labor is that the student in the Yeshiva College today are doing the work successfully. So eager are they for what they recognize as a great opportunity that they actually cover the double field and do it well. In my own department I can testify that they do unusually—sometimes even remarkably—good work. There are exceptions of course; but on the whole I have never had classes of men who followed their subjects with more diligence, enthusiasm and understanding than do these doubly-worked Yeshiva students.

I hope to continue my classes with them for many years.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Professor Horne is our Professor of English Composition and Literature. Though a non-Jew his enthusiasm for Yeshiva College is intense. It is with great pleasure that we publish his message.



THE STAFF



Seated, left to right:—

Louis Engelberg, Eli Levine, Joseph Kaminetsky and Hyman Muss
Standing:—I. Goldberg, Frank Hoffman and Samuel Deutsch

Editorials

Commencement:

Commencement, paradoxically enough, is a word that connotes to most college graduates an end rather than a beginning. The real meaning of the term, which signifies preparedness to go out and "conquer the world," having acquired sufficient knowledge to do so, is very often misconstrued by these very graduates themselves; and Commencement Day comes to mean to them the culmination of beautiful friendships, the severing of ties comradeship that are but beginning to unite them. Indeed college men begin to look forward to Commencement, in their sentimental moments, with a feeling of uneasiness; for there is yet another formality connected with it, besides the enjoyable one of appearing in cap and gown—the dreaded formality of leave-taking.

In truth, it is natural for the students to have such a feeling. Too often it happens that brother-graduates—men who have spent the most formative years of their lives together, who have shared identical hopes, fears, and joys—are separated from each other and never see one another, after the glamor of Commencement Day is over. It is a state of affairs, very much to be regretted.

We of the Yeshiva College must not let our fate be the same as that of most college-graduates. We have a right to be different. Ours has not been merely an association of four years. Many of us studied at the Yeshiva, connected with the College, long before the Yeshiva College embarked on its noble career; and some of us will yet continue to study at the Yeshiva. We have been pioneers together in a great educational endeavor of our people; we have striven these years to reach a common goal, to realize the same ideal: the harmonization of secular learning with our own Jewish culture. Ours has been a unique friendship.

Commencement must then have for us another and far happier connotation than it has for most college students. It must mean to us the reinforcement of the bonds of comradeship which hold

us together, so that they may not be easily torn asunder by time and distance. It *must* mean the birth and formation of a powerful Alumni Group that will ever be at the service of our Alma Mater. It must be the first meeting of a group of men, who, having received a wonderful well-rounded education, will attempt to cope with the problems of American Jewry.

J. K.

Yeshiva College:

Now that the Yeshiva College is graduating its first class, the question is appropriate: Has the Yeshiva College justified its existence? The problem that faces us now is, does it pay for Torah-true Jewry to continue its support of the first and only Jewish college? Has the College been a credit to the interests of orthodox Judaism? These questions must be faced courageously and impartially by all thinking Jews who have the interests of spiritual Judaism at heart.

* * * * *

The opposition to secular studies was strong up to a decade or two ago in Eastern Europe. In Germany and England there was no such conflict; Jewish elementary and secondary schools, were maintained there by orthodox Kehillahs. The pupils of these schools have remained within the folds of Orthodoxy, in fact, have become leaders in it—after receiving their higher academic training. In Eastern Europe a smattering of non-Jewish knowledge—the reading of a fifth rate novel, for instance,—was sufficient to cause a break with tradition. Why is it, people have often wondered, that secular studies have ill effects in one section of the world and not in another? The reasons for this difference are not far to seek: "Stolen waters are always sweet." If secular education is frowned upon and its acquisition regarded suspiciously, the young boy who enjoys the reading of a novel has a simple choice: a burdensome religion or a delightful novel! And an attitude of antagonism to religion once adopted

cannot be easily dismissed. In Western Europe, where secular education among Jews has been systemized and encouraged, the problem of Science and Religion has been faced intelligently, and there, as a result, we have had religious thinkers and philosophers like Samson Raphael Hirsch and Marcus Lehman. Today we have there Professor Wohlgemuth and many others.

There was another factor involved in the situation. The German Jewish student, who had an academic and systematic training in the sciences and in scientific methods as well as in Jewish religious works, could consider both sides impartially and objectively. He could see the boundaries and the essence of both; he could appreciate both. The Eastern European amateur, however, could be neither impartial nor objective. How could he help being prejudiced favorably toward a study which he had acquired surreptitiously, and for which he often had to endure starvation? How could he, moreover, be objective toward two cultures which came to him in a haphazard and unorganized manner? His outlook upon life remained deficient one-sided, and bigoted. No wonder, therefore, that the traditional Jews in Eastern Europe were strenuously opposed to secular studies.

The truth, however, ultimately emerged victorious. It has been recognized that the essence of science, of art, and of religion is necessary to form a well-rounded personality. Religion, to be sure, has, contrary to popular notion, the prerogative; its emotional hold is as old as mankind. The desire for perfection in all fields of human endeavor may be traced back to religious inspiration. As man grew in his knowledge of himself and of his surroundings, the arts and sciences developed; yet these merely complement the personality which is essentially emotional, idealistic and religious. For intelligent religionists, the secular studies are only helpful. This had always been the view of the great rabbis of antiquity and of the early Middle Ages—eras which abounded in philosophers, in scientists, and in poets. Various circumstances, however, arising during the artificial and unsound Ghetto life, caused an antagonism toward everything that was not regularly and exclusively Jewish. Today

those conditions have vanished forever, and with them the attending ills.

In order that young men may get the substance of this world-view, it is important to have instructors who possess a keen appreciation of the limitations and the essence of their subject-matter. It is important, too, that these instructors should be imbued with an idealism which does not shrink from duties and sacrifices for a moral cause. Such men the Yeshiva student who attended the evening session of one of the New York colleges did not usually get; the outstanding professors hold their classes, as a rule, in the mornings. The significant accomplishment of the Yeshiva College has been the engagement of instructors of this calibre.

We are aware that we have not answered directly the question: Does the quality of the graduates of the Yeshiva College fulfill the expectations placed upon them? We are, however, neither willing nor qualified to express our view on this matter. Let the Jewish public opinion see and judge for itself.

H. M.

Old Morality Reborn:

For the last generation or so civilization has definitely been developing along Nietzschean principles of life. Industry and science have been unconsciously furthering the theories of the "blonde-beast" philosopher. Wholly immersed in the founding and operation of gigantic plants and factories, the fairness and justice of their means to attain these ends were not at all considered. The wonders that science was uncovering with a child's curiosity, unscrupulous mankind was using for selfish and dishonest purposes. Selfishness and dishonesty have changed their usual meanings. No more were they catalogued in the list of sins. They assumed high honorary distinction among the virtues of the new morality. Stinging conscience, stilled by the brilliant successes, overpowered by the reality of the alchemist's elixir of life, cringed into a covered recess and tremblingly remained unobtrusive. At last humanity was free from the "slave morality"! It was building the Superman! High hopes were entertained for this unparalleled venture which fairly promised

to achieve the Nietzschean goal—confidence and hardness of individualism, joy, happiness, and wild riotous laughter.

We have gone far enough to look back and examine our success. Hardness and boldness were certainly attained, but the vestiges of unbridled laughter and glee are not to be perceived. Nay, we seem to be further away from them than we were ever before. The Captains of Industry go crazy and jump into the ocean; the sailors employed by them are groaning under the crushing loans. The Supermen are breaking one another's necks, killing and exterminating their own brethren. Strange . . . but none overflowing with happiness to freely bestow their gifts on mankind.

The old morality, come out of its hiding, is again ready to civilize mankind. The Chosen people, though buried for centuries, have not forgotten their eternal mission. They are again up, more ready and fresh than ever before, all set, to proclaim the pregnant, all embracing principles of Absolute Unity—unity between slave and master, unity between master and master, unity between state and society, unity that can solve our financial, social, and mental vexations, unity that can give us the laughter denied by Nietzschean morality.

Men of Yeshiva College, as you go out into life, catch for a moment the fiery spirit of our ancient prophets, overflow with righteous indignation at the many breaches of justice, get out of your passive indifferent states, remember the far-reaching Jewish principle—Unity of G-d—Unity of Mankind!

E. L.

DR. BERNARD REVEL

President of Yeshiva College

In an office at the end of the second floor corridor sits Dr. Revel, his face lighting with a question as you come in: "What can I do for you?" Upon his shoulders rest all the burdens of the Yeshiva and Yeshiva College, and in his mind all its concerns; but his eyes seem centered on an inner way, as though he has been drawn unwillingly from the cloistered study and his beloved

Torah to the bustling office and its affairs. As head of the Rabbi Isaac Elchanan Theological Seminary, Dr. Bernard Revel had made a name for himself, was not only president of the Faculty, and spiritual leader of the many students there, but a student himself and a scholar of international repute.

The Yeshiva, however, bearer as it was of the age-old traditions of the Yeshivoh of Europe, stood in a newer land, with problems created by its environment, by the opportunities, especially the educational opportunities its students could not but see and desire. Dr. Revel recognized a need, fused it with an ideal, and framed it in a great vision. This three-fold impulsion brought him forth from his scholarly study, and set him upon the long and arduous journey of which the first Commencement of Yeshiva College is a significant milestone.

The students of the Torah, of the Jewish knowledge and faith, who fifteen years ago were drawing spiritual and intellectual sustenance from the Yeshiva, looked with legitimate longing on their fellows outside, who in day public high schools were gathering the information, the equipment for life, deemed best by the general educational authorities. The Yeshiva students had none of this, or were forced to the strain of years of evening school, after the arduous days of devotion to their Hebrew studies. So in 1915, Dr. Revel established the Talmudical Academy, where the general high school work was offered to the Yeshiva students, in their own building, in the afternoons. Approved by the State Board of Regents, this high school was none the less an experiment, to be judged by its results. These have more than justified the Talmudical Academy; for, although their morning hours have been devoted to intensive work in Hebrew, the students here have consistently held their high school among the first in the State, in percentage of State-wide Regents' examinations passed, in the high grades received on these tests, and in the proportion of State Scholarships won by the graduates.

When the high quality of the Talmudical Academy work was recognized and securely established, it was time for the next step toward the

realization of the dream. For a high school but pushed the problem back to a more critical period. At the time when the student was growing into maturity, when he was reaching the point of determining the trend of his later life, he was left to go out of the Yeshiva for all his contacts with the teeming world around. Again he must seek education, if he wanted further training, as the best students did, in the evening colleges, where constant pressure of other interests, and an attitude alien to his own, prevail. In the midst of the turbulence of a dominantly commercial age, Dr. Revel strove for the ideal of the harmonization of spirituality and culture, of the blending of the eternal verities and the age-long traditions of Jewish faith with the knowledge of the modern world, of the application to the problems of life today of the ideals and values tested and attested by the prophets and the sages of Israel.

Out of the need and the ideal came the vision now made real. In new buildings, in a harmonious atmosphere, the work of the Yeshiva is blent with and complemented by the work of

Yeshiva College. For four years Dr. Revel has guided this work, concerned personally for the well-being of each student as an individual, as well as for the quality of the College work as a whole. It would involve self-praise on the part of the editors of the Masmid, students of Yeshiva College, to speak of the quality of that work; but for the maintenance of a high standard, and for the unimpeded development of the institution, Dr. Revel, the scholar, almost the recluse, has struggled unflinchingly. His battle has been won; it is for us to prove it was worth while. We shall go forth on that endeavor. As we leave, we feel that we can express no wish nearer to Dr. Revel's heart, than that the growth of Yeshiva College will so shape itself as to allow him, while maintaining his guiding spirit and hand over the institution and the students, time to renew and to deepen those scholarly pursuits, that devoted study of the Torah, which is so dear to him, and which promised through its fruits greatly to enrich the fields of Hebrew knowledge which he ploughed.



THE APOSTLE OF HARMONIZATION

By

LEO JUNG, M. A. (Cantab.)

Ph.D. (London)

"Kol mah she-cera l' Yosef cera l' Zion."

Tanchuma Vayigash XIII. (ed. Baber)



The glory of youth is its youth. The tragedy of youth is its youth. Its storm and stress contains within the course of its adolescent years an epitome of humanity's slow and painful progress from infancy with its attendant ills towards the level path of maturity.

Growth means expansion, integration, reintegration, rebirth. No wonder that it is attended with the pains and puzzles of pregnancy, of parturition: The wonder of one's increasing power, the awe before one's broadening vision, the assault of so many new energies not yet employed.

The characteristic of youth is its dream,—the subconscious striving after self-expression, made daily more difficult by the very daily expansion, by the deepening and widening of its ego. The task of youth is to develop through its dream. The task of youth is to expand.

The task of maturity is to interpret youth to itself, to lead turbulent adolescents to the sources of their being, so that they might appreciate their dreams as the manifestation of their growth: on the one hand the struggle for continued self-expression, and on the other the battle of the individual ego against the host of powers that stand between its hopes and its self-realization.

I.

Jacob had dreamt the dream of man: the earthiness of his physical milieu, the impulse towards heaven as its goal. Joseph dreamt not of humanity, but of himself. He was to defeat the forces which a generous imagination calls social determinism economic determinism and the like. This Israelite boy, stolen from the land of the Hebrews, would not bow to fate. He would overcome the stars which were said to shape inexorably life's course. All his handicaps—the timidity of father, the absence of mother, the envy and hatred of his brethren—he would conquer. He had royal ambition and this ambition he knew would come true.

He was a lad says the Torah. "A boy with all the charming vanities of boyhood," say the Rabbis. He loved the locks of his hair. He was fond of beautiful clothing and the trappings dear to the heart of youth. But the Torah also mentions the other fact, overshadowing the first. He played not with his brothers, the children of Leah or with Benjamin. Too young then for their companionship, he was "a boy with the sons of his father's wives," the handmaidens of Leah and

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Rabbi Jung has just joined our faculty. He is one of the outstanding Orthodox Rabbis of New York. He has given us a beautiful course in Jewish ethics this past semester. We are indeed fortunate to have received this contribution from him.

Rachel. He grew up without mother, without brothers. The children of Bilhah and Zilpah looked up to him, spoilt him, flattered him. He had none of the sweet normalcy of childhood. In the terms of a modern psychologist, life made of him an introvert. The life without was unsatisfactory. He turned to the life within, paying increasing attention to thought, dream, ambition. He learned to reflect on himself, to think of his fellow man. As he grew up, he began to assume in youth some of the accomplishments of maturity. He began to interpret other people's dreams. The chief butler and the chief baker entrust to him the somber account of their hopes and fears ("The dreams of night are but the thoughts of day" say our Rabbis) and he realizes what is their problem. In the dungeon he learns to understand so much about Egypt that under divine guidance he readily explains to Pharaoh his dream and its portent. He had to occupy himself with things of the spirit and thus he became accustomed to look beyond the four walls of his existence, below into the depth of human suffering, above into the heights of human potentiality, beyond the local scene into the arena of Man. Pharaoh's Empire reaped the harvest of his unconfined wisdom.

II.

Remarkably alike is the fate and position of Israel in exile. What the mother is to an individual child, its own land is to a nation. We too have lived like Joseph, growing up without mother and brothers. Since the gate of Palestine was first closed to us, we have been without the "air of Eretz Israel," without the mystic influence of soil on soul. We have been wandering footsore from shore to shore, everywhere aliens, strangers, everywhere *Luftmenchen*, insecure, bereft of tenderness, destitute of those fundamental energies and psychic vitamins, which life in one's own country gives one. There have been in the course of Israel's tragic history, a number of non-Jews, who have summoned man to humanity, who have seen in us also human beings, who in rare cases have even acknowledged our assets, our service, but they tolerated us with Leibnitz as "also Monads," they knew us not—although they pitied our Goluth,—they were not brothers.

Two thousand years without the mothering, strengthening influence and shelter of our own soil, without cooperation or security—the normal life among brethren. Sad has been Jewish history. Bereft of many vital elements of health and growth. But this very impoverishment in matters of physical health and psychic joy, has had in its train an extraordinary enrichment in spiritual things.

Our outward life was comfortless, dangerous. Our inward life, to which the accidents of history drove us, thus reinforcing the call of the Torah, our inward life acquired marvelous qualities. Above all we were ever obliged to stay introverts. We had to disregard the facts of our environment. Unless we could rise superior to our milieu, we had to succumb. Unless we could rivet our view to what was beyond Ghetto and present age, we should have disappeared from the concert of the nations. Thus we never became sunk in the contemporary scene. We had to see humanity as a whole, human history as a large unending book. The nations among whom we lived had all the assets and liabilities of majorities. They had to exploit the local milieu. They had to occupy themselves with home and hearth. They dare not look beyond their natural borders. They were afraid. For the Germans: Outside Germany there were no German oaks. For the Frenchmen: Outside France the "barbars" spoke some barbaric Kauderwelch. Outside Russia, said the Czar, there were foreign deviltries. Boccaccio praising Italy for its polished Latin letters, goes on to remark that outside there was "German barbarism, French savagery, English craft and Spanish coarseness."

Only the Jew lived beyond today. Only the Jew felt in Germany as in France. Nowhere was he quite at home. Hence his restlessness, yes, but hence his relentless perspicacity, his ability to see the needs, to study the dreams, to appreciate the problems of other races, groups, religions. It was no accident that caused early Christian and Mohammedan rulers to appoint Jews to high diplomatic posts. Their common sense had not yet been destroyed by some mythical race theory. They saw that the Jew has real power of appre-

ciating foreign nations, which seemed miraculous and which did work wonders. These medieval monarchs were not actuated by over-much love of the Jew. They rather understood his value to them. It was not accident that made the Jews translators and transmitters of the classic and Arabic culture at the end of the middle ages. It was thus, they became apostles of the renaissance, planters of Greek and Hebrew lore and thought in emergent Europe. It was not accident that Jews pioneered with Columbus in the Age of Discovery, pioneered with movable type in the great days of early printing—and since. For these were concrete ways in which the Jew assisted in "living beyond the day," in tying the strands of yesterday to today so that the morrow might be just a bit closer to the universal harmony all peoples have hoped for.

As in the Middle Ages, so today. Discrimination, persecution *numerus clausus*, pogroms, "No Jews need apply," golf club indecencies, Harvard Yom Kipur exams, etc., etc., ad infinitum, force the Jew to overlook today's misery for tomorrow's hope, force the Jew to span the horizon, to look for the blessed land beyond, force the Jew to im-bibe, compare and weigh the various cultures and nations of the world in order to discover a more tolerable citizenship, a less excruciating social life—and thereby develop in the Jew a wider outlook, a deeper comprehension. It is this comprehension that fosters Harmonization.

It is because of this harmonizing comprehension that we find the Jewish mind eager to assist, to take a place in the rank of pacifists and social reformers and in that increasingly larger group of persons who realize that only through international settlements can come the local, regional and national settlements so necessary today. Because the Jew is never completely enwrapped by the local problems of victorious majorities, he, therefore, has a normal appetite for cosmopolitan fare and a ready sympathy for every minority. India had no viceroy to advance her claim to freedom, more sympathetic, more intelligently benevolent than Rufus Isaacs, whose forebears had been members of a persecuted minority for two thousand years; nor a more progressive Secretary for India

than young Edwin Montague, whose father had emigrated from Russia and had scaled the ladder of temporal success from steerage to peerage.

Today this harmonizing quality of the Jew is more vital and necessary than ever. The world is sick with nationalism,—a malignant disease, a deadly elephantiasis, a venomous hatred of everything that is unlike. Each group thinks in its own terms and has the universe cribbed within its own state. Each clan sees salvation for itself only in the reduction, or annihilation of the rest of man. Even where efforts are being made for international harmony, they seem often dictated by political motives, by opportunism, by maudlin sentimentality rather than by constructive goodwill. Upon the conscience and intelligence of contemporary man rests all hope for "No war and All peace" for the future.

But meantime fundamentally every nation understands one language only—its own,—sees but through its own spectacles, conveniently colored, and views but its own vista. How can matters be remedied?

The Jew, however, is as motherless and brotherless today as Joseph had been almost 4,000 years ago. He is more than eager to enrich the lands in which he lives and to give of blood and brain and brawn the best that is in him. But he is still not completely at home, not as utterly at rest as the Indiana farmer, or the French vinegrower or the Czechoslovakian beetroot peasant. He is still discriminated against, still Englishman plus something else, German plus something else. And this 'something else' precisely is the international, cosmopolitan, in him, rooted in no soil but in humanity, fully at home nowhere except in the unrestricted empire of ideas. The Jew hence, if a Frenchman, can find good in Germany in spite of Hitler and Ludendorff; or, if a Dutchman, can get inspiration from America in spite of Hollywood; or, if an American, can feel the attraction of Austria in spite of her political ineptitudes.

This citizen Jew, because he is the historical minority, has heart and mind attuned to the problems of minorities and because he has been the victim, for millennia, of majorities, has learned to

understand their fundamental attitudes and perplexities. Hence the Jew can again, will again, be The Ambassador of Goodwill, The Interpreter, The Apostle of Harmonization. In some cases he will even lose contact with his own people in search of a wider humanity. He is then one of the seeds of Israel that goes to bear fruit in far off lands "Israel sending its bread upon the wide waters." The dreamer par excellence, the interpreter par excellence, the Jew, like Joseph, does not bow to his fate, but forces it to yield to him grace, strength, breadth of view, infinite strength of heart.

One more experience does the historical Jew share with Joseph. When that youthful prisoner had interpreted the chief butler's dream, he asked but one reward: "Put a good word in for me with Pharaoh. I suffer without guilt." The Chief Butler was happy with the interpretation, which would bring him promotion from prison again to the Pharaoh's grace. But when the interpretation had come true, "The Chief Butler did not remember Joseph, he forgot him." Joseph had served Pharaoh, building up for him undreamt of riches and power. But there arose soon a Pharaoh, who "did not know Joseph."

Throughout antiquity and the middle ages, into our very years the Jew has gone dreaming for others, interpreting their dark urges. Maturer than the non-Jew by reason of his cosmopolitan faith, his cosmopolitan urge, his cosmopolitan suf-

fering, he has been able to explain their unconscious problems, as expressed in their group dreams, in the phenomenon of their poets, thinkers, musicians. Son of antiquity, dynamic in medieval times, alert today—the Jew has been ever eager to reconcile groups that hated each other, to preach harmony and work peace among cultures, races, schools of thought.*

Like Joseph so did he fare. When the chief butlers and kings of history had been liberated, they promptly "did not remember the Jews and forgot Joseph." They went to their joys and left the Jew in the peril of the dungeon. Joseph was not discouraged. This disappointment did not dull the edge of his intellect. He went on dreaming and interpreting. The Pharaoh needed him and Joseph was here to save his land. Infinite his dream, but efficient his service. One of the great bearers of the seed of harmony has been the Jew. The great Understander, Harmonizer, Interpreter. He has helped—and been forgotten. He has harmonized—and been left in disharmonious exclusion. But with Joseph, he realizes that the gift of interpretation comes from God and thus is unaffected by ingratitude. He will go on, sympathetic to all oppressed, deeply appreciative of the danger of smug, self-destructive power and the blandishments of majorities; he will go marching on—his historic dream in his heart, peace and justice as the song of his lyre, as the victorious vitality of his life, as his offering on the altar of humanity.

*NOTE:—Heine as mediator between France and Germany; Jehudah Halevi between different creeds; Zamenhoff between different tongues; Fried and Levinson between the nations of the world.

THE PSALMS

JOSEPH KAMINETSKY

Many inspired men of the past felt that they understood this complex universe. They put down their thoughts in writing and bequeathed to the world the great epics that it now possesses. There were others, however, who felt that it was too difficult to interpret all of this complicated cosmos. It was easier to depict a momentary attitude towards life. And so they contented themselves with merely portraying a fragment of the universe, and handed down to posterity their beautiful lyrics.

These lyricists fall into two categories: the "ancients" and the "moderns". The "ancients" restricted their writings to the lyric *per se*, to the lyric in its original connotation. They did not bother to interpret the world. They did not delve into the mysteries of nature and the universe. They sang only of the joy of life, of love, of war and of death. Such lyricists were Pindar, Anacreon, Horace, and the other early lyricists.

The "moderns", however, are lyricists only insofar as form and music are concerned. They have surpassed the real purpose of the lyric. Carried away by their enthusiasm, they have striven to interpret the entire universe in their songs. Shelley, Burns, and Wordsworth, the English lyricists, are not content with expressing a momentary mood. They sweep on and write of humanity itself. Their lyrics, hence, do not restrict themselves merely to the island of Lesbos, or to Rome, but are concerned with the entire universe, with all of mankind. These lyrics are, in a word, universal. They are, truly, the great lyrics of the world.

It may seem, from this discussion, that the "ancient" and "modern" lyrics differ in the eras of their composition as they do in their content: that the early lyrics are "ancient" and the later ones, "modern." And on the whole this is true. One outstanding deviation from this rule, however, is the Book of Psalms.

The Psalms are "modern" lyrics according to

our standards, for they, too, strive to portray universal human experiences. They do not present merely transient moods or momentary attitudes towards life; but express rather the feelings and emotions of every human in every age—such emotions as the moan of his penitence, the pathos of his sorrow, the agony of his despair, and the rapture of his assured hope. They do not sing merely of the physical needs, joys, and fears of man, but go on to satisfy his spiritual cravings and yearnings—the yearnings of his thoughtful heart and mind that crave to understand, know, and be at one with an all-knowing, all-loving, unchanging God. Verily the Psalms are "great" lyrics, for, as stated in the light of a well-known definition, they strive "to look God in the face."

It is due to this "modernness" or universality that the Psalms appeal to us even today, that the heart of the world, Jewish and non-Jewish, still responds to their vibrant tones, and that they still hold us under their holy spell. Indeed, though written centuries ago they still satisfy our needs, human and divine, and still have a message for all humanity—rich or poor, sad or gay, young or old. It is no wonder that they still speak with a voice of power to the hearts of all men.

But if the Psalms speak with a voice of power to the hearts of all men, they speak even more so to the Jew. In the days of Israel's glory, the Levites sang the Psalms during the offering of the sacrifices; and all through the ages, to the present day, the Psalms have been the ever-ready friend of the Jew in joy and sorrow. He quotes them in his prayers—week-day, Sabbath, and Holiday. He recites them after partaking of his meals and before retiring for the night. He declaims them when his land is not blessed with rain. He chants them when in dire need of Heavenly mercy, at the bed-side of his sick and dead. He recites them all through the night preceding the Day of Atonement. His unlearned brethren, who are unable to

devote themselves to the holy duty of the study of the Torah, fulfill their obligation by reading the Psalms. His "chevrai Tehillim" (Psalm-saying Societies) meet at appointed occasions in order to recite the endearing verses. The Psalms form an integral part of his life. Interwoven in the fabric of the Jew is the Book of Psalms—that portion of his Testament which best fulfills his yearning for the Divine Being.

* * * *

The Psalms form part of the Hagiographa, or third main division of the Hebrew Canon; and number one hundred and fifty. They were written, most of our Jewish commentators contend, by many authors. These sages believe that, although King David wrote at least half of the Psalms, and is generally credited with the authorship of the Book, other individuals took an active part in their composition. These others were, they say: Adam, Melchi-Zedek, Abraham (called Ethan in the Psalms), Moses, Heman, Jeduthun, Asaph, the three sons of Korah, Solomon and Ezra. Other authorities contend that David wrote all of them when prophetically inspired. Yet, whoever did write them, one fact is very evident after reading them. They speak with such intense religious fervor that one is convinced that only the greatest of Jewish singers and divinely-inspired souls could have composed them.

The form in which the Psalms are written is quite elaborate. The acrostic or alphabetical arrangement of sentences is frequently employed. At times every sentence of a psalm begins with a different letter of the alphabet. At other times every half sentence or every other sentence is alphabetically arranged. And at still other times, the scheme is employed with eight sentences taken as a unit.

Metaphors and other figures of speech are frequently used. There is too, all through the Psalms, beautiful rhythm of thought and parallelism of phraseology. Refrains occur often. Indeed, the entire Book of Psalms seems to have but one refrain: "For His mercy endureth forever." No rhyme is used, however, though the verses are generally written as couplets.

Some of the figures are indeed striking. Speak-

ing of the words of God, the Psalmist exclaims:

"The words of the Lord are pure words;

As silver tried in a crucible on the earth, refined seven times."

Mortal men are pictured as sheep that are appointed for the nether-world, with Death as their shepherd; and human existence is described thus:

"As for man, his days are as grass;

As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone.

And the place thereof knoweth it no more."

The glory of God is proclaimed in this fashion:

"O Lord my God, Thou art very great;

Thou art clothed with glory and majesty.

Who coverest Thyself with light as with a garment,

Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain;

Who layest the beams of Thine upper chambers in the waters,

Who makest the clouds Thy chariot,

Who walkest upon the wings of the wind;

Who makest winds Thy messengers,

The flaming fire Thy ministers . . ."

There are many more powerful figures of speech, but these will suffice to point out the beauty of expression that was the Psalmist's.

The content of the Psalms is usually presented as falling under three heads. First, there are the hymns of praise which glorify God, His power and loving-kindness, as manifested in nature and in His dealings with the people of Israel. These hymns celebrate, too, the Torah, Zion, and the Davidic kingdom. They express gratitude to God for help extended, and refuge found, in times of danger and distress. They are all beautifully proclaimed, and speak with intense earnestness and feeling.

Then there are the Elegies which give voice to feelings of grief at the spread of iniquity, at the triumph of the wicked, at the sufferings of the just and at the seeming abandonment of Israel by God. In this division are included, too, the psalms of supplication to God for amelioration of conditions and the restoration of Israel's glory, the psalms of repentances for sins committed unknowingly, and the penitential hymns in which guilt is confessed. All these are recited with a cry

of lament that pulls at the heartstrings of the reader.

Finally, there are the didactic psalms which give advice concerning righteous conduct and speech, and which caution against improper behavior. These psalms are entirely universal in their teachings, and appeal to all men.

Running all through the Psalms, however, whether they be hymns of praise, didactic psalms, or elegies, is the voicing of the Psalmist's intense love for God. This love, this outpouring of his soul before God, is, indeed, the motif of the entire work. The poet powerfully portrays the vivid consciousness of God's all-sustaining, guiding, supreme power. God is, to him, the Father who loves and pities His children, the Mighty One who lifts up the lowly and defeats the arrogant and whose glorious kingdom endures forever; the Holy One whose glory the Heavens and all His handiwork declare. God is the Teacher of mankind who instructs mortals how to live. He is the Merciful Judge who, though He should be rightfully indignant, yet tempers justice with mercy. He is the Guardian of the poor and the pious, the Hope and Trust of those who pray to Him, the Creator of a vast and wonderful universe, and the Guiding-Force of the world.

All this and more God is to the poet and in fervent, intense emotion, the singer cries out: "All my bones shall say: 'Lord, who is like unto Thee'." In joy he proclaims: "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." In ardent devotion he exclaims: "But as for me, the nearness of God is my good." Piously he sings: "I have set the Lord always before me." (An expression that has become the guiding principle of the Jew. He sets it up before his prayer-table in the synagogue and home.) With intense love and passion he professes: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God!"

In an honest attempt to voice the beneficent deeds of God, the Psalmist beautifully recapitulates:

"Bless the Lord, O my soul;
And forget not all His benefits;
Who forgiveth all thine iniquity;
Who healeth all thy diseases;

Who redeemeth thy life from the pit
Who encompasseth thee with loving-kindness
and tender mercies;
Who satisfieth thine old age with good things,
So that thy youth is renewed like the eagle."

* * *

"Who made heaven and earth,
The sea, and all that in them is;
Who keepeth truth forever;
Who executeth justice for the oppressed;
Who giveth bread to the hungry.
The Lord looseth the prisoners;
The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind;
The Lord raiseth up them that are bowed down;
The Lord loveth the righteous;
The Lord preserveth the strangers;
He upholdeth the fatherless and the widow;
But the way of the wicked He maketh crooked."

In manners such as these, the poet literally pours out his soul before God. And thus even to the present day, the Jewish people continues to pour out its soul before its God, still reciting the same psalms in a plaintive melancholy tune, for with the Psalmist, the Jews believe that

"the sacrifices of God are a broken spirit,
a broken and contrite heart . . . He will not despise."

Indeed, the Psalmist sings at times not of his own sufferings, but of those of his people as well. Feeling their pain, their sorrow, he exclaims to the Almighty, pleading:

"Thou hast counted my wanderings;
Put Thou my tears into thy bottle."

Fervently he prays for them and implores:

"Nay, but for Thy sake are we killed all the day;

We are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.
Awake, why sleepest Thou, O Lord?
Arouse Thyself, cast not off for ever."

Truly the Psalmist knew not only his own soul, but that of his people as well.

He sings, too, of the greatness of the Torah, which, to him, is the only balm to the wounds of the Jew:

"Unless Thy law had been my delight,

I should then have perished in mine affliction."

Torah is the only hope of the Jew, he earnestly feels; it alone can save him, restore his soul, rejoice his heart, and enlighten his eyes. Joyously he lauds the Torah:

"Oh how love I Thy law!

It is my meditation all the day. . . .

How sweet are Thy words unto my palate!

Yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth. . . .

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet,

And a light unto my path. . . ."

And even of Zion, "fair in situation, the joy of the whole earth," does he sing. Of the land of the Jews he exclaims:

"Glorious things are spoken of Thee, O City of God . . .

The Most High Himself doth establish Thee." Feeling the intense love the Jews bear the Holy Land he proclaims:

"For Thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and love her dust."

It is no wonder, then, that the Psalms still hold the Jew under their holy spell; his feelings, yearnings, and hopes are very vividly expressed by them. He needs them; they are part of his Torah and part of him. He cannot help but respond with pulsating heart to their heavenly strains. They are life itself to him, his beautiful, dynamic religion put into speech—into words and music that resound, and will continue to resound forevermore, in our ears and in the ears of all men.

THE SONG OF LIFE

Life is a love song that falls on our ears,
Mingled with pathos and heart-rending tears,
Sad is the melody, short it endures,
To its vast audience, dolor insures;
Fate, the maiden who plays on the lyre,
Offers no solace to soothe passion's fire;
Breathless we listen—the melody wanes—
Slowly it leaves us, when die life's refrains.

BERNARD MILIANS.

THE END OF TIME

I.

Empty forms, machine-like motions—
What is your meaning in the end of time?
Throbbing animations, pulsating being—
What is your meaning in the eternity of life?

O proud reasoners, probers of causes—
What cause will stand the ultimate test?
O idle poets, melancholy dreamers,
What eternal secrets lie in your thoughts?

II.

In the glorious mingling of sunshine and green,
The chicks are pecking, the roosters are crowing,
The birds are fluttering, in the sprightly shades
of the trees.

The chicks so idly pecking,
So leisurely pacing the meadow,
Are dreaming, no doubt, of the end of time.

I implore the chicks,
I ask them to tell me
To what end their pecking, their idle pacing?

Unconcernedly, canting their beaks,
And stupidly staring at me
They wink their eyes and clap their wings,
And turn away from the puzzling enigma.

III.

In a secluded nook of a darksome thicket,
Two happy lovers are yearning and sighing,
Cooing like doves, in blissful delight.

The lovers so intent, so anxious, so eager—
So eagerly grasping for something unknown,
Are permeated, no doubt, with knowledge of the
end of time.

I implore the lovers,
I ask them to tell me,
If their's is the end of all endeavor!

All of a sudden they lower their eyes,
They flicker a scarcely perceptible smile,
And leave me obsessed with the puzzling enigma.

IV.

Perched on a rock with knitted brow and longing
eyes,
With fingers deft and skillful, an artist is drafting,
Drafting his soul into the child of his art.

Such martyr's glow, such saintly hope,
Such tiger's fury, such calm of prophets,
Surmise, no doubt, the end of Being.

I implore the artist,
I ask him to tell me,
The solemn essence of things eternal.

Lynx-eyed he glares, raves I am boorish,
Beastly, to shatter his fanciful trance,
Yells at me to be gone—perplexed with double
enigma . . .

V.

Sad, disillusioned, I gloomily wander
In search of an answer for our actions so varied,
When all at once I meet with a drunkard
Who reels and swaggers in rickety fashion.

I implore the drunkard,
I ask him to tell me
Why he sips the bitter draught?

The man mumbles in nasal tones:
Complains that the world is dancing,
Dancing a quadrille in empty space
And that's why he drinks—
To forget, to forget that the world is dancing,
Dancing a quadrille in empty space!

ELI LEVINE.

MEETING AGAIN

By

DR. PINKHOS CHURGIN

In its historical perspective this college, the Yeshiva College, is attempting a new rapprochement between Jewish and general culture. Jewish Hellenism was the product of the first definite, friendly encounter of Jewish culture with foreign culture. It resulted in a union, delightful, curious, baffling, but intense with new thought—and no thought is devoid of a gleaming of truth. Judaism found in Hellenism a new form of expression for its basic ideas and conceptions; and philosophy, always eager to rediscover itself, could not remain unenticed by the charms of the new wisdom. It left its indelible stamp on human thought through the channels of religion. It influenced Jewish thought in a lesser degree because its era of bloom coincided with the most tragic experience of the Jewish people at the hands of the Romans.

Judaism met philosophy again in its Arabic overhauls. The new fusion let off a stream of ideas which fertilized human thought, reaching its most desolate territories. It shook the European mind of its dormancy. But the Jewish philosopher was not a mere agent in planting philosophy among the European nations. Judaism was reasserted in this so-called Jewish Arabic philosophy. Maimonides was no copyist. He was no mere interpreter. He was one of the moulders of thought. It was this new Jewish thought which burst upon Europe in the Middle Ages. Western civilization was again vitalized by Judaism.

A succession of persecutions, of expulsions and butcheries called for a halt in the march of Jewish philosophy. Plunged in sorrow and repeatedly forced into exile, the Jew was groping to retrace the broken path of his spirit, groping for new con-

tacts, but he was only to be thrown back by new attacks of religious fanaticism. Neither the Italian Jewish scholar nor the Marano thinker was able to re-establish the contacts between Jewish and general culture.

The modern period witnessed the remarkable dash of the Jew toward the freed domains of Western culture. He easily appropriated the new essences. Jews became masters in many fields of human thought. Some succeeded in ascending to its higher regions. But they all contributed as individuals. They exercised an excellence to which the nationality of its owner was a mere accident. Some Jewish landmark may be running through the work of the Jewish author, but, whatever its force, it is a note of an original endowment. The great bulk of Jewish men of letters and scientists of all description are singularly unaffected by Jewish culture. They have scarcely any knowledge of it. Some of the greatest lights in present-day European literature are Jews who have completely detached themselves from Jewish life and Jewish thought. The Jewish authors in American literature, with a few exceptions, have the bad taste to parade their ignorance also of Jewish habits. Jewish culture has not been brought nearer to Western culture through all of them than before—not to speak of an actual contact between these cultures. Two great thinkers of modern times have made a forceful attempt to correlate the distinct ideas of the cultures—Mendelssohn and Hermann Cohen. But in the absence of forces propitious to a real union between Jewish and Western culture, their attempt was doomed to isolation. They had no successors.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Dr. Churgin is Associate Professor of Hebrew Literature. He is, also, Principal of the Teachers' Institute of the Yeshiva. It is indeed an honor to receive his contribution.

The Yeshiva College represents an organized and concentrated effort to bring general culture within the radiating reach of Jewish culture. Here general culture is in intimate touch with Jewish culture. The College, the base of secular learning, rests on the fringes of the home of Jewish learning, the Yeshiva. Both mark their impression on the mind of the student. His will be a knowledge which fosters understanding. Spared the violence which accompanies passage into the fold of general culture, his creative faculties will be accessible to a natural interplay of contrasting ideas. He

will seek to examine one in the light of the other. The creative mind will then respond to the flashes of a new Jewish philosophy.

Jewish culture is as resourceful as ever before. Its vigor is undiminished. It has the will to expand, to create. The Yeshiva College is creating the potentialities for its expansion.

This is, as I can see it, the historical significance of the Yeshiva College. It has more comforts in store for the Jew. Yet in the realization of the fruit of the new union of cultures lies its strength and great promise.

THE DIVINE MOMENTS

At times I am a whirl of seething raging life-
blood!

A battered cog within time's hurly-burly!

My nerves are shattered, my brains a fevered
rage,

A clanging, roaring engine, a stormy, wrecking
sea.

O Lord Supreme, grant me a moment fair,
Devoid of pangs of care and pain,
Disturbing passions, ceaseless future worries.
A moment, unflurried by ecstasies grandiose, su-
blime,
Unmaddened by the moody whimsicalities of clime.

O G-d, I crave for calm,
I crave for peaceful gentle progress,
I want a softly flowing trend of thought,
Joining ends with Eden streams primeval,
Touching springs of eternal Universals!

E. L.

European and American Students

By

CHAIM GOLDEN

The opinion has been prevalent that a student is the expression of his country and age. A student is regarded as the mirror in which the culture and spirit of his nation are reflected. In other words, he is the foundation upon which the pillars of society are built.

It is in view of this fact that I will attempt to draw a line of demarcation between the American and European student, and to point out the factors that constitute the difference between them.

There is a very close connection between life and education in this country. These two fundamental entities are so inseparably interwoven that even the average high school boy becomes aware of the demands of life and tries to harmonize his school-training with the practical world. This attitude is especially evident among college students. A mere glance at the catalog of a high ranking college in this country is sufficient to acquaint us with the above mentioned relationship. The first impression one gets from reading the curriculum of this university is that the stream of education runs thru all veins of our life, and that arts and sciences have so spread their nets over the many surfaces of our world that they have penetrated into every nook of our existence. It is a catalog that embraces a wide program ranging from pure science to domestic arts and manual training. It shows the introduction of education into all walks of life. Teachers and workers alike are brought within the walls of the college. The gates of our educational institutions are open to all classes of society. Is not this the voice of American democratic insistence upon equal rights for all members of society?

On the other hand, this wide-ranging curriculum creates in the student a materialistic attitude towards education. The school becomes to him not merely a place to develop his personality, not an

institution that "aims at raising the intellectual tone of society, at cultivating the public mind," but rather a workshop to prepare him for the practical world—a bridge to his every day existence.

Is it a wonder then, that most of the subjects lose their fascinating scholarly splendor in the eyes of the American student? Philosophy, for instance, which is required in some colleges, is quite often reduced to the level of the more concrete subjects which are usually valued by the student in terms of points, and become merely a part of his required amount of credits for graduation.

In Europe, however, there is a much greater division between the academic and non-academic world. The general trend of life, with its fewer demands, makes it easier for the student to keep pace with the rest of the world without sacrificing much on his academic altar. It is this condition that stamps its seal upon him and his studies and eliminates from his mind a great deal of materialistic motives. Philosophy to him is more than a subject; he actually lives it, and is deeply impressed upon his mind so that by it he may consequently form his view of life.

Even in physical education there is a marked difference between the student of the new world and that of the old country. The practical tendency which underlines our academic youth is undoubtedly the explanation for the absorbing interest American youth shows to sport. The desire to "win the game" may account for the admiration our young generation shows to athletic champions. Witnessing the enthusiasm that arises in the ranks of the student body of a winning team, one may think that he is not on a sport field but rather on a battlefield, seeing the hero conquering

an enemy. It is again the effect of American life, a life full of thrills and competition.

In most parts of the old world the student is much less interested in athletic activities than in the other college features. Gymnastic exercise is to him a matter of pure hygiene; athletics is important to him only insofar as it improves his health. He therefore divides his attention proportionally between sports and other subjects.

Lack of a sense of proportion during his college career may also account for the limited community activities of the American student. The social side of a student here manifests itself usually within the college walls, in a circle of fraternities and various organizations, whereas the European student has spread his social activities over a wider range, outside of college as well as within. Because of the time he spends in athletics and dances it is difficult for the American academic youth to devote much time to outside social activities.

It would however be unfair to see only one side of a case and to overlook entirely the advantages the American college students have over their European brothers. One of the most favorable characteristics of the higher educational institutions in this country is the emphasis laid by them upon science. With the exception of Germany, America is perhaps the only land where the scientific side of knowledge has been raised to a high level. In the history of American contributions to civilizations we will find a great number of inventors in every field of science. The names of Franklin and Edison have become immortal in the pages of the history of human advancement. Is it surprising then, that our student of today is eager to carry on the work of his noble predecessors? Is it not reasonable then that our academic world should show a greater inclination towards the practical field of study, and that our universities should produce the best engineers and doctors in the world?

The fact that Soviet Russia, in trying to carry out its huge industrial enterprises, employs American engineers is a proof of the high reputations our engineers enjoy in foreign countries. Engineers of a capitalistic republic are thus intrusted with the most responsible undertakings of an extreme Communist state. Thus the supreme power of knowl-

edge transcends all limitations of politics, and the spirit of human thought rises above the level of differences of opinion and prejudice.

The political aspect of the American student is also worth noticing. What has been said above of social life is also true of politics. There is an apathy on the part of the American youth in regard to this branch of modern society. To him politics is not a vital problem, is not a part of his academic program; he is hardly interested in what is going on in the political world around him. It is indeed paradoxical that in a land where school and life are closely connected, politics should receive but minor consideration on part of the student. This is due to his conservative attitude. Unlike the European youth he is not on the lookout for the radical changes that may come in the form of his government.

One can hardly expect to witness such riotous demonstrations and exciting occurrences in an American College as those which occur almost daily abroad. The European student is branded with the stigma of radicalism or extremity. He is never satisfied with the status quo. An inquiry into the causes of Hitler's recent overwhelming victory in Germany, or, in the wave of pogroms that swept over Rumania and its sister-country Poland, would disclose that the post-war leaders have always received great support from the academic youth. If statisticians would take the trouble to figure out the exact amount of time that a European student spends on politics, he would find that it receives a prominent place in his daily schedule.

In contrasting these two attitudes it will be well to refresh our memory with an incident that took place recently in our metropolis at one of the high ranking colleges. A spirit of rebellion moved the students, and for the first time in the history of the academic life of this land, they became courageous enough to declare a strike as a protest against the violation of their rights. The failure of the strike is illustrative of the yet undeveloped political influence of the American student. Though we do not entirely approve of the European's interest in politics, because it takes away too much of his time

(Continued on Page 48)

A Literary View of Job

By

ELI LEVINE

"I call the book of Job one of the grandest things ever written . . . a noble book, all men's books!"—THOMAS CARLYLE.

"A mouse, a miracle enough to crush sextillions of infidels."—WALT WHITMAN.

In the history of mankind many books have been written, read, and forgotten. Time, the keenest and most exacting critic of the ages, possesses a curious habit of dispatching certain books to eternal sleep, and a still stranger habit of keeping certain other books continually alive. This is especially true today when changing conditions have resulted in a new outlook upon life which makes anomalous the existence of many a book. A book will live as long as it has a message to teach us, as long as it is not flagrantly contradicted by our standards of truth, morality, and appreciation. The classic Job more than fulfills these requirements. Its utterance has been the inspiration and consolation of countless troubled souls. Its grand and lofty flights of the imagination, its profound thoughts, and its universal problems, so intimately connected with religion, are still pregnant with ideas and teachings fully worthy of our consideration.

Who wrote the Book of Job? Divergence of opinion is so wide that we cannot even accept the Talmudical statements concerning its authorship. Some of the Rabbis say that Moses wrote it, others maintain that Job was not written before the sixth century B. C. E. Modern scholars claim that Job was written by a number of people about 200 B. C. E. The impartial judge, however, can not put much faith in any of the above statements, since none of them is founded on positive evidence.

When we approach the consideration of Job the man we are again baffled by a lack of facts

and a variety of opinions. The book itself does not throw any light on this point. The story merely relates that "a man lived in the land of Uz and his name was Job." Was he a Jew or a gentile? The consensus of opinion of the Rabbis of the Talmud seems to be that Job was a righteous man of a non-Jewish people, that he was one of the seven prophets appointed by G-d to preach to the gentiles. In the Talmud the story is told that Job was on Pharaoh's Council during Israel's captivity, that he did not protest against the king's edict of throwing every first-born male into the water, and that this was the reason for his sufferings.

Other Rabbis of the Talmud, however, maintain that "Job is an allegory, that he never existed in the past and that he will not exist in the future." Whether he existed as a historical figure or not, from the book we gather that he is to be pictured as the most pious man in his generation. A student of country life, he was a keen observer of nature, and conversant with animal and plant life.

A perusal of the Book of Job will convince the reader that he must make a thoro study of it before he can understand its great fame, its everlasting interest to humanity, and its philosophy of life. Many and various have been the interpretations of the book. Most of the critics, however, especially the moderns, have not succeeded in their interpretations because of their failure to perceive the Jewish spirit in Job, because of their failure to detect that the main argument of the book is an evaluation of the Spiritual and Material

in life. The story portrays the struggle between the emotional and rational parts of the soul, the battle between morality and force. If we are to derive any meaning from Job, if we are to appreciate its fame, we must approach it as a drama. It is the work of a single artist—of one who experienced life's successes and disappointments, and who not only felt but also observed, thought, and drew conclusions. The surest way of crippling the great message taught by Job, the surest way of spoiling its beauty and worth as inspired literature, is to do what some scholars have done, namely, to cut up, rearrange the text, and indulge in all kinds of quibblings concerning individual passages. Such a treatment reveals not only ignorance of Hebrew style and diction but ignorance of the involved and strange ways of human nature. Many a closet scholar, knowing neither life nor the waywardness of humanity, sets up a petty theory concerning the character of Job and the philosophy of the book. If any passage in the traditional text has the misfortune or rather the audacity to be at variance with his theory, he simply hacks out the rebellious spirit, and with a scholarly air pronounces it an interpolation. One critic, for instance, argues that the original Job was merely the expression of a rebellious spirit against the orthodox, religious conceptions of G-d something similar to the Prometheus Bound of Aeschylus. His main argument is that a man who could have uttered such heresy as:

"It is all one—therefore I say:
He destroyeth the innocent and the
wicked.
If the scourge slay suddenly
He will work at the calamity of the
guiltless,
The earth is given into the hands of the
Evil One."

could not have sang G-d's praises:

"How can a man be just with G-d
Who doth great things past finding
out;
Yea, marvellous things past finding
out."

This discrepancy, however, disappears immediately if we consider the Book of Job a drama. By such an approach we obtain a well-rounded idea of Job's character, of his tragedy and purification, which is in no way strained. Technically the book has most of the elements of a drama. There is no physical action, but the varying attitudes of Job's mind exhibit dramatic action of the highest sort. But before considering the book proper, I want to show how the Book of Job is the culmination of the natural development of Jewish thought on the subject of righteousness and suffering.

Before the introduction of any philosophical speculation concerning G-d, the problem of why the righteous suffer while the wicked often succeed, presented very little difficulty. The pagans considered their gods capricious. Evil and good were distributed by chance. But even when philosophy came into existence the difficulty could be removed by the Zoroastrian conception of a dualistic system of godhood—a god of evil and a god of good, working at cross purposes.

The problem became an unsolvable riddle when Abraham first introduced the monotheistic conception of G-d. Both good and evil must be thought of as coming from G-d alone, if His unity and omnipotence are to be preserved intact. Early Hebrew writers solved the problem by considering the entire nation as guilty. Jeremiah is the first individual sufferer who protested against his undeserved hardships:

"Why is my pain perpetual,
And my wound incurable?"

The prophet is inclined to attribute his sufferings to his ancestral guilt. Ezekiel, however, aligned himself against such a dangerous assumption:

"The fathers have eaten sour grapes,
Shall the children's teeth be set on edge?"

The Psalmist, too, coped with the question and finally concluded:

"When all the workers of iniquity flourish:
It is that they may be destroyed forever.
But the righteous shall flourish like a
palm-tree
And like an oak that lasts forever."

The book of Job is the first to attack the problem systematically. In dramatic fashion it depicts the physical and mental sufferings of its hero, Job. All his life he was God-conscious; all his life he believed in the goodness and nobility of G-d's actions. He obeyed all G-d's commandments; he was a father to the orphaned, a friend to the needy, democratic in his actions toward the weak and enslaved.

"Did not He that made me in the womb
make him?
And did not One fashion us in the
womb?"

His righteousness and greatness of estate were
bywords in the whole land:

'For when the ear heard me then it
blessed me . . .
Unto me men gave ear, and waited . . .
I chose out the ways of men, and sat
as chief."

Then came one catastrophe followed by another. He lost his family, his property, his position in society, and in addition, was afflicted with the most dreadful pains and torments. Job's first reaction is a bitter lament against his miserable condition:

"Why died I not from the womb?
Why did I not perish at birth?
Wherefore is light given to him that is in
misery,
And life unto the bitter in soul?"

Gradually his lament turns into a bitter accusation against fate, against the whole order of the universe, against G-d, who, he thinks, did not

establish the world in the best possible way. Life is a confusion of standards wherein the righteous suffer while the wicked prosper:

"Wherefore do the wicked live
Become old, yea, wax mighty in
power?"

"The just, the innocent man is a laughing stock;
The tents of the robbers prosper,
And they that provoke G-d are secure."

The strange realities of life, intensified by his own dreadful sufferings, for which he sees no cause, afford him reason for doubting the highest ideals of Judaism and their resulting standards of morality. His sufferings are so flagrantly unjust that he cannot help but conclude that G-d exercises no personal supervision over affairs in this world. In his anguish he declares that the world has been handed over into the hands of the Devil, who conducts it in his own fashion:

"The earth is given into the hands of the
Wicked One,
Who covereth the faces of the judges
thereof:
If it be not he, who then is it?"

Job for a moment disregards such a view, only to fall into greater perplexity by entertaining the extreme reverse of the question. Suppose that G-d really supervises this world. His supervision extends to our smallest action. Nay even more, our actions are mapped out and determined by Him in advance. But if so, we have no free will to choose between good and bad. Why then are we punished? Why is there suffering in this world?

"Seest thou as man seeth? . . .
That thou inquirest after mine iniquity
And searchest after my sin,
Although thou knowest whether I shall
be condemned."

This gloomy view of predestination leads Job to even greater sceptical doubts. If there is no freedom of will, there is no punishment or reward, and therefore probably no resurrection in the next world:

"For there is hope of a tree,
If it be cut down, that it will sprout
again,
But man dieth, and lieth low;
Yea, man perisheth, and where is he?
As the waters fail from the sea
And the river is drained dry;
So man lieth down and riseth not"

"As the cloud is consumed and vanish-
eth away
So he that goes down to the grave shall
come up no more."

This pessimism, this shaken faith in the fundamentals of Judaism, finally lead Job to doubt the truth and efficacy of our moral standards. Who says that Justice, and pity are to be our governing virtues in life? What does man gain by being just? Do not the wicked prosper? Do not the mighty in power rule the world?

"Behold, I cry out: 'Violence!' but
I am not heard.
I cry aloud, but there is no justice . . ."

"From out of the populous city men
groan.
And the soul of the wounded crieth out:
Yet G-d imputeth it not for unseem-
liness . . ."

"They lie down alike in the dust
And the worm covereth them.
It profiteth a man nothing
That he should be in accord with G-d!"

Thus far we have sketched the scepticism and pessimism which, raised by many perplexing situations in life, were harassing the agitated mind of Job. From the above quotations one might think

that Job has turned rebel and forsaken his Creator. But this is not so. Job is not rebelling against G-d. He is merely pleading for enlightenment. Every sceptical passage in the book is more than balanced by other passages that express Job's emotional conviction in the justice and nobility of G-d's actions. In all his agony and suffering, he does not for a moment deny the oneness or supreme power of G-d. He knows that his sufferings have been decreed by no strange whim of chance nor by any malicious power working against the will of the Almighty. G-d alone has decreed his agony and against G-d he directs his complaints and arguments. He pleads to G-d against G-d; he pleads like a son to a father:

"Oh G-d: Do not condemn me:
Is it good unto thee that thou shouldst
oppress.
That thou shouldst despise the work of
thy hands."

His main desire is to have an argument with G-d:

"I would speak with the Almighty.
I desire to reason with G-d.
That He would set aright a man con-
tending with G-d,
As a son of man setteth aright his neigh-
bors!"

The same Job who was uttering heresies only a while ago, now exclaims:

"Even now, behold, my witness is in
heaven.
And he that testifieth of me is on high."

"Though He slay me yet will I trust in
Him;
But I will argue my ways before Him."

We thus see that Job's mind is a battle ground of two contending forces—Scepticism and Tradition. Under the influence of the former, he passionately argues that since our life is so short, so

full of trouble, absent of any immediate recompense, G-d should leave us alone and not increase our sorrows by undeserved sufferings:

"Man that is born of woman
Is of few days, and full of trouble.
He cometh forth like a flower and with-
ereth.
He fleeth like a shadow and never
pauseth.
Look away from him, that he may rest.
Till, as a hireling, he shall accomplish
his day."

But under the influence of his strong tradition and conviction in the righteousness of G-d, he wants to forget his sceptical doubts, and he is greatly troubled when he has difficulty in putting them out of his mind. He appeals to G-d against his evil thoughts:

"Give now a pledge, be surety for me
with Thyself."

One should not think, however, that Job is merely a presentation of two opposing attitudes. The main purpose of the book is not to present a character torn between different influences, but to teach a philosophy of life. The teaching of the book is, of course, not in the words of his three friends, Eliphaz, Beldad, and Zophar, who express their conviction again and again that Job's sufferings are a punishment for his sins, if not large sins, at least slight ones:

"Doth G-d pervert judgment?
Or doth the Almighty pervert Justice?
If thou wert pure and upright
Surely now He would awake for thee."

His three friends offer other solutions, namely, that suffering is a test of saintship, that Job's sufferings are for the purpose of teaching repentance; but these solutions do not satisfy Job, nor do they satisfy us. The answer to the problem, lies in the utterances of Job himself, of Elihu (the fourth friend of Job), and of G-d. We

have previously shown how the mind of Job was torn by two conflicting attitudes. While under the influence of the positive side of his character, many arguments occur to him in defense of G-d. He believes that readjustment after death will set everything aright:

"But as for me, I know that my Re-
deemer liveth,
And that He will witness at the last
upon the earth
Then without my flesh shall I see G-d.
Whom I, even I, shall see for myself,
And mine eye shall behold, and not
another's."

Things gradually begin to clear up. Job is beginning to see light. The harassing question as to why the wicked prosper is not so perplexing when viewed from this new angle:

"For what is the hope of the godless,
though he get him gain,
When G-d taketh away his soul?"

Job's new ideas and feelings are strengthened by Elihu's speech, whose main purpose is to disprove Job's suspicion that G-d takes no personal interest in this world. He shows that man is of greatest interest to G-d, since his soul is G-d's. G-d is always in communion with men, not thru direct speech, but thru inner feelings, thru intuitions, thru fancies and dreams, by which He gives warning to prevent one from getting off the right path. When His gentle warnings are not heeded, He warns by inflicting sufferings:

And when this my skin will be de-
stroyed,

"He delivereth the afflicted by His afflic-
tion
And openeth their ear by tribulations."

Elihu assures Job that Justice is the mainstay of the world because "wicked might" would make human existence impossible:

"Thy wickedness concerneth a man as
thou art;
And thy righteousness, a son of man."

As to Job's sufferings, Elihu thinks that they are well deserved not as a punishment for sin, but as an indication that he had been too virtuous, and too legalistic in his attitude toward his sinful brethren. He had applied to them standards of morality, which only men of his calibre could satisfy. G-d does not demand absolute standards:

"If there be for him an angel,
An intercessor, one among a thousand,
To vouch for man's uprightness;
Then He is gracious unto him, and
saith;
'Deliver him from going down to the pit,
I have found a ransom'."

Elihu thus brightens our spirit by his declaration that G-d is just and merciful as much as He is powerful.

The Book of Job has thus far given us sufficient rational solutions to our violent scepticism, but the answer of G-d coming from Heaven, teaches us a new philosophy, namely, that our

reason is a child, that the infinite world, with its laws and apparent contradictions, cannot be measured by our human yardsticks, by our "finite laws of Time, Space, Cause and Effect."

"But wisdom, where shall it be found?
Man knoweth not the place thereof."

The answer of G-d—full of glorious descriptions of the powers of the Almighty, of the song of dawn, of the roarings of the ocean, of the voices of the stars and angels, of the secrets of light and darkness, of His mercy, justice, and providence to the smallest of creatures—this answer gives us hope and assurance that life is not dark unreasoning Chance, nor the work of set mechanical laws.

These mental struggles, these changing attitudes, scepticism and belief, constitute the drama of Job. The climax and solution of the drama project to the world its many epical qualities. The book is epical in teaching a non-compromising monotheism. It is epical in proclaiming the all-controlling power of G-d; it is epical in that the whole argument is a groping for immortality; it is epical in describing the limits of our reason! It is epical in its final assertion that G-d can be best observed from nature, from his Handiwork.

The German Language in Jewish Life and Culture

By

REV. DR. BERNARD DRACHMAN

The history of the Jewish people differs from that of other peoples in almost all regards. One of the most striking ways in which it is different is in regard to language. The universal rule is that a nation possesses and employs its own national tongue and this tongue accompanies it and is its vehicle of spoken and written communication throughout the centuries of its existence. Not so Israel. Although there is a Jewish national language, the Hebrew, it has not been the exclusive vehicle of speech of the Jewish people except in the first comparatively few centuries of its national existence. Many languages have been used to a very great extent by Jews during the course of their history. The Babylonian exile, brief as it was, almost supplanted the Hebrew and placed the Aramaic upon its pedestal as the spoken and written language of the Jews.

During the later period of the second Jewish commonwealth the Greek language became the vernacular of a great part of the Jewish people, especially of the Hellenistic Jews of Alexandria and Egypt. When the downfall of the Jewish nation and its dispersion brought great sections of the people to Europe, there were laid the foundations of the two leading divisions of Jewry, Sephardim and Ashkenazim, with their respective languages, the Spanish and the German, which have continued even to this day.

When the flood tide of Islamic invasion swept over North Africa, Spain, the Balkan peninsula and a large part of the Near East and made Mohammedanism and Arabic culture prevalent in

those lands, the Jews resident in that vast region accepted Arabic as their medium of speech and literature. Today Jews converse and write in all the tongues of civilized mankind but the language used by or familiar to the overwhelming majority of contemporary Israel is unquestionably the German. When I say German I include, of course, the Yiddish which is, historically and linguistically, a German dialect and recognized as such by all Germanic philologists, Jewish and non-Jewish. Of the approximately 17,000,000 Jews in the world at least 13,000,000 either speak some form of German or are descended from ancestors who did, approximately 3,000,000 belonging to the correct or standard German speech-elements and approximately 10,000,000 to elements using one or the other of the Yiddish dialects. It is self-evident that such a proportion gives the German language a position of the highest importance in Jewish life.

A striking proof of this importance is given by the fact that in the Zionist congress, the greatest national assembly of Jews since the destruction, the official language is the German. It is, therefore, an inescapable conclusion, that whosoever would be in close and intimate connection with Jewish life must possess an adequate knowledge of German. Such knowledge is especially necessary for the Rabbi, for only thus can he keep in touch with the various elements of the community. Even in this country where the English has won for itself a very important, if not the leading, place in the communal life of Jewry, there are still great

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Dr. Drachman is well-known to all. His work for the Jewish Sabbath Alliance, and other endeavors, speaks for itself. He is our instructor in German. It gives us great pleasure to print his contribution.

numbers of Jews, mainly, of course, of the older element, who still speak and love their native German and Yiddish and to whom a sermon or address in the language of their youth still carries an especial appeal.

In order, therefore, that the American Orthodox Rabbi may render the best service to the greatest number of his co-religionists it is essential that his linguistic knowledge, outside of the Hebrew which is, of course, most fundamental, be not restricted to the vernacular but shall include the German, either in its classical or Yiddish form, preferably in both. He should be able to preach fluently and eloquently therein so that his spiritual message shall reach not only the native-born English-speaking youth but also the older element. This will create harmony in the community, will prevent dissensions and misunderstandings between old and young and enable all to labor unitedly in the cause of Judaism and help fulfil the precept of our great lawgiver Moses: "With our young and our old we will go to serve the Lord." This harmonization of elements only too often hostile and antagonistic to each other is a Jewish social service of highest value.

The German language is not only highly important in Jewish life but it is supremely valuable—and I speak here not so much of Yiddish, although that, too, has in recent years acquired considerable cultural value, as of the classic tongue of German,—in Jewish culture. A knowledge of classic German is essential to the appreciation and enjoyment of many of the finest contributions of Jewish minds to the sum total of human knowledge and culture. These contributions are of two kinds, to general and to specific Jewish literature and culture. Some of the most glorious productions of German literature have Jews as their authors and a Jew who does not know them is to that extent poorer in his knowledge of the achievements of his people.

These contributions of Jews to German literature are not merely of recent date. Far back in the Middle Ages there were Jews who participated in the general cultural life of the German people. In the thirteenth century, among the Minnesaengers, those renowned mediaeval German minstrels or

troubadours, who sang of love and war and romance, there was at least one Jew, Suesskind of Trimberg in Franconia. He was a true German minnesaenger whose poetic efforts bear a strong resemblance in language and style to the compositions of the masters of German minstrelsy, Walther von der Vogelweide and Wolfram von Eschelbach. But his themes were nobler than theirs owing to the strong influence of Judaism upon his muse. He sang the praises of the virtuous wife, he praised true nobility of character as the mark of the knight and also composed devotional verses. In external appearance and demeanor he seems not to have differed from his Gentile colleagues.

A most interesting female figure of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries was Gluckel von Hameln. She was a typical Jewish wife and mother but possessed of an unusually great amount of Jewish and general culture. She is the authoress of an autobiography, in seven books, written in the German current in her circle, in which she draws fascinating pictures of contemporary Jewish and Christian life. This work has been edited by Prof. David Kaufmann and is of great historical value. An excellent English translation by Marvin Loventhal has appeared this year (1932).

The great participation of Jews in the general German culture and their employment of the classic German as a literary medium dates, as is well known, from the time of Moses Mendelssohn (1729-1786). This great scholar and Jewish thinker had given the impulse to the movement by translating the Pentateuch into pure and classic German and by writing his many other profoundly learned and scholarly works in that language. Since that time a host of gifted and talented Jews have devoted their exceptional intellectual abilities to the enrichment of German literature. Restrictions of space will only permit me to mention a very few.

Two of the most brilliant names in the history of German literature are Heinrich Heine (1800-1848) and Berthold Auerbach (1812-1882). The mind of Heinrich Heine was alit with Jewish keenness and humor and yet so Germanic in quality that all his utterances, both pathetic and humor-

ous, seem "Urdeutsch." His poem "Die Lorelei" in the touching melody of Silcher, is undoubtedly the best beloved song of the German people.

Berthold Auerbach, too, was most genuinely German. His village tales (Dorfgeschichten) reveal a simply marvelous understanding of the German peasant psyche and are among the most treasured constituents of German literature.

Both of these men, despite the fact that they had no specific Jewish alignments and that Heine had even ostensibly given up the Jewish faith, had warm Jewish sympathies. The death of Auerbach is said to have been due to his grief over the malignancy of Anti-Semitism. At the present time a number of Jewish names shine resplendent in German literature, notably Jakob Wassermann, Emil Ludwig and Arthur Schnitzler.

That which is most interesting, naturally, to Hebrew and Rabbinic scholars, are the contributions which German Jewish scholars have made to Jewish science. In this domain the work done by the Jewish scholars of Germany is most important. Much, though not all, of it is in German. Some of it, as the nature of the subject demands, is in Hebrew. But a large part, including some of the most valuable works, is in German. The long procession of German-writing Jewish scholars gains resulting in health should include; *sen- setzung des Pentateuch*. Leopold Zunz (1794-1886) was the founder of critical Jewish science. Some of the host of laborers in the vineyard of Jewish science, who have followed, are Arnheim, Fuerst, Cassel, Baer, Heidenheim, Frensdorff, Steinheim, Steinschneider, J o s t, Phillipsohn, Graetz, Joel, Frankel, Geiger, Samson Raphael Hirsch, S a c h s, Perles, Lewy and Hoffman. Graetz's *Geschichte der Juden* is the first attempt at a detailed presentation of the totality of Jewish history and is a monumental work. Samson Raphael Hirsch has achieved immortality as the heroic champion of Orthodox Judaism in Germany. Of his many valuable writings his *Pentateuch Commentary* and his "*Neunzehn Briefe über Judentum von Ben Usiel*" have undoubtedly made the deepest impression. It was the privilege of the present writer to translate the last named work into English under the title "*The Nineteen Letters of Ben*

Usiel." It is an eloquent and impassioned, though profound and scholarly, defense of Orthodox Judaism.

All of the scholars mentioned, and many other, have done splendid work in the elucidation of Biblical, Talmudic, philological, philosophical and Jewish historical themes and their works are eminently worthy of perusal and study.

I believe that there can be no doubt that a language which occupies such an important position in Jewish life and in which such noble thoughts and profound learnings have been expressed by distinguished Jewish writers and scholars is not only most deserving of being studied and understood by every Jew but that it is the urgent duty of every one who aspires himself to be a Jewish scholar to acquire a thoroughly adequate knowledge, indeed, a complete mastery, of it so that he may possess the key to the treasury of Jewish spiritual illumination and erudition contained therein.

I have confined myself in this brief treatise to the Jewish aspect of the German language. That there is in the general, non-Jewish, German literature an almost immeasurable intellectual wealth, preeminently worthy of study for its own sake, is, of course, equally true, but that is another story.

Before concluding, I desire to guard against two errors which prevail to a considerable extent among Jews, especially Yiddish-speaking Jews. There are some who think that Jews who know Yiddish do not need to study German inasmuch as the two are practically identical. A humorous story is, or was, current in Berlin to illustrate this point of view. A wealthy Yiddish-speaking Jew had settled in Berlin. One day he was telling a native Berlin Jew of the great care he was bestowing upon the education of his children. For French he had engaged a Monsieur from Paris, for English a Miss from London, for history an instructor from the Gymnasium and so on. He did not mention any instructor for German. The visitor wondered at this omission and asked "Wer unterrichtet die Kinder Deutsch?" Our friend answered "Teitsch lern ech mit sei." No, Yiddish is not identical with pure, classical German. While it is unquestionably a German dialect, it has de-

parted far from its source in vocabulary and grammatical forms. A person whose native tongue is Yiddish must study and learn German if he wishes to know and use it accurately.

The second error is that of those who take the exactly opposite view. They claim that German and Yiddish are completely unrelated, that they are two entirely different languages. They would dispute my statement that 13,000,000 Jews speak German inasmuch as the 10,000,000 who speak Yiddish are speaking a different language, which may have originated from German but is not German. This view is scientifically absurd. Yiddish differs from the High German but not suffi-

ciently to constitute a separate language. When clearly and distinctly spoken and omitting the Hebrew and other non-German terms with which it is filled, it is perfectly intelligible to every German, in fact more so than several of the non-Jewish German dialects, as, for instance, Schweizer Deutsch (Swiss German) or Platt Deutsch. The German soldiers in Poland during the recent war, could not speak with the Gentile Poles but could easily converse with the Polish Jews.

I feel, therefore, that the statement is justified that the overwhelming majority of contemporary Jews use some form of the German language.



EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN STUDENTS

(Continued from Page 38)

from his work, yet it does help him gain prestige in the eyes of the community.

Alongside his general conservative attitude the average student on this continent is more religiously-minded than his European confrere. He is more conscious of the existence of some invisible and guiding force in the universe. Furthermore, not only does he respect his own faith, but he also shows feelings of tolerance towards believers in other religions. His religion therefore, is a religion of tolerance, a belief in all that springs from the noble fountains of the soul. The European student differs, however, in that he looks at religion

from a more analytical angle and subjects it to his critical mind. Whatever is not comprehensible within the realm of his reason becomes a target of attack. He is intolerant towards adherents to other doctrines, while the American student is liberal towards them.

Thus, to sum up briefly, the American is motivated by the practical affairs of life, is static in politics, is liberal, and is the expression of his country's culture and spirit, while the European student studies "arts for art's sake," is radical, dynamic in politics, and not only the spirit of society but also its leader.

Economics From a Jewish Point of View

By

MENDEL H. LEWITTES

"Hard-times" is becoming as ubiquitous as the weather and is rapidly displacing the latter as the opening-wedge for all conversation. From the pulpits and public forums down to the dinner- and bridge-tables, depression is the favorite theme. Everyone is adding his little stream of talk to the torrents of words and phrases pronounced on the subject. I also will, therefore, express my opinion about the wretched economic situation in which the world at present finds itself.

My plan for relief from depression—I confess at the very beginning is non-scientific and non-economic. It does not concern itself with economic cycles, nor with the law of supply and demand, nor with the scientific analysis of production and distribution. I leave all that to the economists who, it seems, do not know how to interpret accurately the results of all their investigation and research—the outstanding economists, as a group, have not come out with a unified plan for economic readjustment.

My plan is really not my own plan, but the Torah's plan, Judaism's plan. For Judaism views economic relationships and problems from a very different angle than the bulk of the business men today. Judaism does not view social and economic life as a monstrous, self-going and self-winding machine which operates in inexorable fashion regardless of the human beings who live in that machine. Many people, indeed, subscribe to exactly such a view. "Depressions are inevitable," say they. Economic life is so intricate and complex, our money system is so involved, that man, the creator of the system, has no control over it. Economic is a veritable Frankenstein. The creation of our hands has grown so monstrous and unwidely that it has far transcended our control and supervision. Now it is free to stride about at its will and even destroy its own creator.

Intricate as economic life may be, such a hopeless view of it is by no means entertained by Judaism. Economic conditions can be, and are, determined by the practices and attitudes of the people that are part of the economic system. Individual social attitudes, the economic philosophy of the ordinary man, his conception of property, his feeling towards labor and capital, his relations towards the economically weaker—these are the things which make an economic system what it is. It makes no difference whether the system is agricultural, as in Biblical days, or commercial or industrial; the basic social attitude ultimately determines the efficiency or non-efficiency of the system.

This, then, is the economic plan of the Torah—the creating of social attitudes which lead to the most efficient and happy commonwealth, instilling in human hearts that brotherliness and social responsibility which would never allow an economic system to deteriorate to the condition in which we find ourselves today.

The various rules and regulations in our Torah concerning economic life, the manifold prescriptions and proscriptions with regard to land and labor, are all concrete applications of that broad principle of human brotherhood and inter-dependency. All life, social, economic and religious, is based on the proposition that all men are created equal. Equality operates not as an abstract conception, but as a working force in daily life and intercourse. Henry George has beautifully summed up the Jewish view in his highly appreciative article, "Moses," and I cannot refrain from quoting:

"It is not the protection of property," says Henry George, "but the protection of humanity, that is the aim of the Mosaic code. At every point it interposes its barriers to the selfish greed that, if left unchecked, will surely differentiate

men into landlord and serf, capitalist and workman, millionaire and tramp, ruler and ruled. Its Sabbath day and Sabbath year secure, even to the lowliest, rest and leisure." It is this class division, which inevitably leads to oppression and embitterment, that the Torah has legislated against.

The laws of the Jubilee year, requiring a return of bought land to the original owners, prevent the concentration of wealth in the hands of a few, and the creation of a land-owning aristocracy. The freeing of the slave—really an indentured laborer—after a period of six years prevented great slave-holding interests with brutal unconcern for human welfare. I do not contend that these same laws can, and should, be applied in modern life. They may not fit so well in an industrial civilization. But it is the spirit within these laws, their philosophy and theory, that can, and must, be introduced into present day life to stay the decline of our economic system. Our Biblical attitude towards the laborer, toward the business competitor, and toward the grossly inequitable distribution of wealth would never have allowed conditions to reach the impasse they have. Big business in America has been nurtured on a flagrant disregard for the competitor's person and property. Profit has become the highest ideal, and all other considerations have been swept aside in pursuit of that ideal. The position of the laborer sinks lower as the profit motive soars higher. If not for the unions, labor would be entirely crushed to earth, as it really is in many parts of the United States.

How refreshingly different is the treatment of labor according to Biblical and Rabbinical tradition. The workingman's right to a fair wage, decent working conditions, prompt payment of salary, individual and co-operative bargaining is repeatedly enunciated in the many laws concerning labor. Above all, the laborer's personality and humanity are protected. The worker was by no act or attitude on the part of the employer to lose his respectability or to feel that he was only a beast of burden. Even the slave must be given no degrading work.

Maimonides, the great Jewish commentator and philosopher of the twelfth century, writes the following in his Codes: "It is the way of the

wise and pious man to be merciful not to overburden his slave nor to oppress him. Nor should he be harsh and angry with his slave, but speak to him quietly and hear all his pleadings."

Compare such sentiments with actual conditions as they exist today. The laborer is regarded as a commodity. As much work as possible is squeezed out of him with a minimum compensation. The workingman must produce at break-neck speed. Every ounce of respect is taken from the worker as he is driven like something inanimate, like a machine.

There is no doubt that the condition of the ordinary laborer should be the focal point for all discussion as to ways and means out of the depression. The worker is both producer and consumer. Ameliorate his condition and he will set the production and distribution cycle going in natural fashion. Increase his wages and shorten his hours of labor and he will be able to buy more, and bring about more employment. Restore to him his natural rights as a human being with the same privilege to share in the bounty of the Creator as the rich man. With this healthier attitude on the part of everybody, it will be a much simpler task to work out the exact details. When people become aware that the glaring inequalities of wealth are contrary to everything human and sensible, a method will be found to remove those defects that now exist.

There are many other principles of Jewish law which could be applied to much advantage in modern industrial life. For instance, the prohibition of usury, or at least a considerable lessening of interest rates, would bring immense relief to the thousands of home owners and small business men who must hand over so much of their profits to the money lenders. More integrity and honesty in public and official life, would perhaps relieve business and property of an almost strangling tax burden. It is a sad commentary on the state of affairs when the man who pleads for the commoner is branded a demagogue. The Torah is preaching an eternal message for the man on the bottom, the man whose rights must be protested at all costs.

(Continued on Page 66)

The Weaving of a Rope

By

N. MANN

It was not till he heard the sharp click of the massive prison lock behind him that Judd Carr fully realized his dejected loneliness and future hopelessness. He was almost sorry to leave this hospitable structure which had served him for two long years as a peaceful refuge from his shame and humiliation. Released . . . released from external restraints . . . but who would free him from the terrible pains that were gnawing at his heart? Who would deliver him from the despising looks and pointed fingers of cold humanity? His fighting spirit was crushed. He frankly admitted to himself that he lacked the courage and manliness to begin life all over again.

He was all alone, alone with an unbearable tragic past, and a still more uninviting future. His knapsack would make a fairly good rope and that tree would be of sufficient height . . . Yes, here he was under the elm which surely would not refuse to bring him eternal peace. Yet he would rest a while before beginning such a ghastly task. He threw himself down on the grass beneath the tree . . .

* * * * *

The early sun was flooding the extensive tracts of land in front of him with sparkling, joyous gaiety. The still unadulterated morning air gave depth of color to the green of bush and tree. How exquisite to be happy in all this brilliance and luxuriance! . . . It was exactly so, many and many a year ago. He was then a mere stripling of about eighteen, and Elissa, a year or so younger. It was on a deserted island, amid a cluster of overgrown grass and birch saplings, not far from her summer home, that he had declared his love to her. Elissa was a little angel. Her delicate oval face, her blue laughing eyes, usually the abstractions of pure innocence, flushed at his strange romantic words. His feelings were a gushing spring; he felt so happy and yet so sad. And

when mystical words of love came from her little mouth, the trees and grass, and every object big and small, vanished into obliterated emptiness, leaving them both in the ethereal existence of supreme bliss and freedom. Let the world fight its battles, let the small squabble over a morsel of food, and the rich amass their fortunes! All seemed so mean and insignificant, so utterly indifferent to him, that he looked down upon them and despised them in his heart.

* * * * *

But each coming age brings its new desires. Elissa was no more the romantic girl of seventeen. She was now a full-grown woman who loved the gay parties of her rich aristocratic friends, who enjoyed riding about town in her flashy roadster, and who could not possibly get along without all the luxuries of a rich home. The passing years, however, had no marked effect on Judd Carr. He was still the lover, the impractical dreamer. Thru the influence of Elissa's friends, he had secured a fairly good position as cashier of a bank. Now, he was at last able to attain his heart's desire. He lost no time in putting the matter before Elissa. He could still remember his impassioned words and pleading gestures:

"Elissa darling, now at last we can be happy together. Imagine, dear, we'll hire a little cottage in a secluded nook, a few miles outside of the town, and there all alone we too, like a pair of doves, will spend our time happily in each other's company. The downy grass, under the basking sun, will be our couch on Saturday afternoons. The rushing brook, a little distance from the house, will cool and refresh us, on hot summer days. Every day I'll be rushing home from the office like a madman, knowing full well what sweet smiles and gushing love await me. Elissa, I am so happy and joyous! Say you'll do it, Elissa. Don't keep me in suspense. Quench the

fire in my heart!" More and more he talked, more and more his words were coming fast and burning! But why is Elissa silent? Why is her look so grave and serious? Whence comes that dark cloud so imminently hovering over her brow, and why, why, O why is Elissa silent?

"Judd,"—at last—Ah—at last she broke her silence,—“you don't understand. Your picture of life is so solitary, sad, and lonesome. How monotonous and dull is such a life which you are painting. We'll get sick and tired of each other. We'll never be happy. I want the gay life, the city noise, the theatre brilliance. I want expensive dresses, sparkling jewelry, and the entertaining social scandal. You could never afford it, Judd, with your present salary. Let's wait.”

“Wait for what?”

Elissa lowered her head and Judd understood the real truth.

The weather suddenly underwent a change. It became very dark and the rain began to pour violently. The wind lashed the rain against the window panes and sighed every time its course was interfered with.—You say it is a poetic fallacy. But are not all our dreams and fancies poetic fallacies when put to work in life? They are all shattered by cold reality, scattered by the violent winds of fact.

* * * * *

Judd Carr was testing the strength of the rope which he had just made from the knapsack. It seemed strong enough to keep his body suspended for some five or ten minutes. But how should he make the noose? He never saw anybody make a noose . . . Yet, why should it be hard? We continually make nooses for ourselves.

* * * * *

Elissa had ruined his life. She did not want to marry him because he would not be able to give her all the luxuries she desired. There was nothing to hope or wait for. He saw no chance of advancement in his present position. He would probably have to work all his life as a mere cashier. As far as he was concerned, he was satisfied. All he wanted was a plain frugal life in Elissa's company. But Elissa . . . she . . . she was used to a different life and he must

make it possible for her. He tried to give her up, hoping she would come around to his point of view. For a whole month he did not see her. What bitter sleepless nights he passed! How hard he had to struggle with himself to keep away from her. He would take long solitary walks, far, far away from her, but in the end would find himself drifting in the direction of her house. One time while lingering in her neighborhood trying to get a glance of her, she drove up to the house accompanied by a handsomely dressed fellow. Judd Carr felt a frenzied thumping of the heart—acute physical pangs—a despairing sickening of life—and finally a sublimated longing for veiled revenge. At that moment a strange, frightening thought flitted across his mind . . . a devilish terrifying plan . . . He tried to forget it, to put it out of his mind . . . but it still clung to him . . . it still remained with him while on the way back to his rooms, while in bed at night, while at his work on the following days and weeks.

* * * * *

“Well, here at last . . . the noose is ready . . . life, you are a terror, a leering Devil, a crushing avalanche . . . at best, a wearisome, deadening monotony . . . I'll do away with you, O shameless paradox . . . O parasite on human suffering . . . My happiness was short-lived, but my degradation so long, so lasting . . .”

* * * * *

He still remembers that scene, so vivid and sharp in his mind. He was pacing up and down his expensive suite in the town's most exclusive hotel in a highly agitated and expectant manner. He was dressed in a costly, specially tailored suit. The dreamy look of the past was gone. His frame had become erect and sturdy, his face full and tanned. Judd Carr was now a busy man, playing golf at the Society Club, and attending the brilliant festivities of the upper circles. That afternoon he received an unexpected call which put him in a very impatient and nervous state. At the appointed hour a delicate knock sounded on the door.

“Come in,” from Judd with a throbbing heart. His love for Elissa was still unimpaired. After

a long scene of passionate protestations and reconciliations, Elissa insisted on hearing from his own lips the story of the recent exploits that had made him the hero of the town.

"I suppose you read all about it in the papers. Two packages of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars each were delivered to the bank that morning. The president and myself were going over the money in the safe deposit vault. By mistake the door was left open either by the president or by myself. We don't remember who came in last. Suddenly we were confronted with a gun and the usual hold-up formula. There were two men. One of them seized the one uncounted package and rushed out of the building. The other bandit, while pointing his gun at us, began to collect from the table the money of the other package. The president made a movement. Quick as a flash, I intervened and began to struggle with the bandit. The gun went off and I felt a sharp pain in the leg."

Elissa shuddered, and with the tenderness that only women are capable of, insisted on knowing how he felt now.

"Well, I finally succeeded in wresting the gun from the bandit and in killing him. The papers, as you know, made a hero of me. I was made director of the bank. Invitations and congratulations are pouring in by the hundreds every day. I am the ideal of the town, and you, Elissa, are my sweetheart."

* * * * *

"I must now climb the tree and make fast the rope . . . My happiness was a thin rope with a heavy weight suspended on it . . . Elissa wove the rope . . . Inexorable Fate suspended the tragic load . . . Of necessity it snapped . . . and I was the luckless victim . . ."

* * * * *

It was Paradise to share Elissa's smiles and confidence, but Hell to possess a guilty conscience. Dread of the future spoiled the gaiety of social life for him. Its geniality and brilliance were mocking devils, making life unbearable for him. It was torture to do his daily work at the bank, unmerciful torture to meet the warm smiles of directors and the president. What cheerless com-

fort was his richly furnished apartment, a sorry reminder of his fall! Life was Torquemada and he the heathen's sacrifice.

Today, exactly two years ago, Elissa was to decide on the wedding day. He came to her house in the afternoon in a very nervous state. Elissa appeared, highly elated.

"Judd," she cried happily, "I've decided on a very early date . . . on the sixth of . . ."

Judd Carr interrupted her:

"You make it very hard for me to tell you what I must . . . Listen, Elissa . . . I've done a dreadful thing . . . I am no hero . . . The whole thing was planned and executed by me, Judd Carr, and the man who escaped with the money . . . I wanted to get you back, Elissa . . . That's why I did it . . . for you . . . for nobody but you . . ." Then everything went dark before his eyes. Elissa went into hysterics and confusion reigned.

* * * * *

"Bandit, thief, murderer . . . get out of my house . . . You have ruined my life . . . What a scandal! . . . I never want to see you again . . . Ugh . . . Ugh . . . what shame . . . murderer, thief, bandit . . . She cursed me, called me all kinds of names . . . Then the confession to the police . . . the big headlines in the papers . . . the heart-rending days . . . the torturing trial . . . and the final relief afforded by the stout prison walls . . . Alone, solitary, for two years . . . No friend . . . No relative to visit him . . ."

* * * * *

Judd Carr rested for a while from the arduous exertion of preparing his own gallows. Too, he did not seem to be alone in the field. Strangers were patrolling the meadow, apparently looking for someone. It was very strange but he thought that they were headed in his direction. He quickly tossed the noose on a branch and prepared to meet the strangers. As they were coming nearer, he could make out the figures of a man and woman. The woman's gait was very familiar. Judd Carr's heart began beating fast . . . fast . . . He became dizzy . . . his head was sway-

(Continued on Page 55)

MUSINGS

By

NORMAN REVEL

Meyer Ebin sat back in the Morris chair at his Long Island home. He dropped his magazine to the softly-carpeted floor and gave himself up to musings and memories.

He thought of the forty-eight years gone by, of his two brothers, of himself, and of his family, G-d bless them—Helen his true and sweet wife, whose very smile was a comfort; Emily, his daughter, the embodiment of charm; and his stalwart son Ralph, Ralph who would carry on after him.

Meyer thought of his older brother, Ben. He remembered Ben with his questioning attitude, Ben who was always worried, harassed by metaphysical speculations, puzzled as to G-d's existence, Ben whose favorite quotation was "warum schleppt sich blutend elend" (Heine); Ben who had gone thru college writing poetry for the college magazine, who had been thrilled when his first poem was published in it.

Ben surely was a dreamer in those days. He had sampled everything from mysticism to communism. Then had come the great change in his brother's life. Dad had given him a position in the brokerage house and Ben had risen. In the space of a few years he had changed to a hard, materialistic man, having no other interest in life than the amassing of wealth, dreaming dreams of becoming a Financial Superman. Then had come the crash. Now Ben was in Chicago going thru Hell, but too proud to take a cent. Ben had allowed his ambition to overpower his discretion. He had not been content with moderate comforts, but had tried to climb to the peak of fortune, and had found it wabbly, so that now he was neither at the peak nor was he enjoying moderate comforts . . .

Then there was his brother Nelson, his kid brother who was making a name for himself in the

academic world. Nelson had been a hard plugger, with always a pad in his inner coat pocket, with always in his vest that pen and pencil set which he had received for his Bar-Mitzva. Nelson too had had his troubles. His marriage hadn't turned out so well. Nelson had been too immersed in his studies, and so had forgotten his wife, forgotten her as a pulsating human being, forgotten her in the writing of his book. His claim later was that he had to make a name for himself—something like an Arrowsmith, only Arrowsmith's wife had had patience with her husband. The trouble with Nelson was that he too had tried to become a superman, a superman in the field of intellect. And in his eagerness to attain that goal, he had failed to take consideration of certain inflexible laws of life, laws which must be obeyed if happiness is desired. How vividly did Meyer recall how hurt Nelson was when his wife deserted him, how he had tried to forget his pain in his work, in the book he was soon to publish.

Then Meyer turned to a resume of his own life. He remembered his boyhood, his *Welt-Schmerz* period. He had had his petty troubles, too, but they were over now. Thank G-d he was happier than his brothers, from whom he had learned an invaluable lesson. They had taught him to set up certain principles of conduct which should guide him thruout his life. And as a result his had been not the doctrine of the Superman, but the doctrine of the Moderate Man the Normal Man.

His demands had never been great, his hopes centered about a business yielding a comfortable income and a peaceful home life in the suburbs away from the machine like city. This income he hoped to get as a result of a business, founded no on speculation but on sound business principles. He planned a home life which would be peaceful

as a result of justice and fairness being its basic principles.

He had been fairly successful. He had two grown children and he prided himself that they still confided their cares and sorrows in Helen and in him. A spirit of comradeship and equality reigned in the household. There was Helen, sweet, vivacious, reliable, a real help mate, it was a privilege to love her, and Emily, his daughter, whose goodness of character was a model, whose beaming face was an incentive to hurry home from the office. Then there was Ralph, who was grad-

uating from college and who would soon be with him, both dreaming the same dreams, and battling together for their daily sustenance.

As far as business went, Meyer thank G-d, was lucky. His father had offered to take him into the brokerage business, but he had wanted to go into aviation and now he had his own field with five planes and a regular route for New York to Philadelphia and Chicago; and in a few more years please G-d, he would open a line to San Francisco. Just then he heard a voice, "Meyer, aren't you going to bed to-night!"

THE WEAVING OF A ROPE

(Continued from Page 53)

ing . . . The warden . . . Elissa . . . Was he dreaming? Were his eyes and ears deceiving him . . . He heard a voice . . . how strange and sweet . . .

"Judd, I was very unhappy . . . I am so sorry for the suffering I caused you . . . Let's forget the past and live a happy future."

* * * * *

It's no doubt a poetic fallacy! To be saved

just before the noose was fast around his neck! In real life, he would be dead by now, with no rich sweet girl to intervene at the last moment. But in real life, a Judd Carr would probably not have met an Elissa, nor would his type have been able to stage such a hold-up. And yet, who knows? Real life might not be the present but the future. And let's hope that in the future such cases will always end in happiness.

A Jewish View on Health and Physical Education

By

ABRAHAM B. HURWITZ, M.A.

Jews are depicted by others as being either ascetic students with gaunt, pallid mien and frail bodies, or shrewd business men with puffy jowls and flabby paunches. They are described as short of stature, narrow-chested and susceptible to diabetes and various nervous ailments. They are often accused of being derelict in their health and physical education.

What are the Jews to do? Are they to follow the prevalent American example of predominance of sports in the school, the national life and in the press? Need they establish physical cults such as weight-lifting and other pseudo-body-building systems that are flooding and fooling the American public? Must they create faddisms such as Christian Science, vegetarianism and numerous other "ists and isms"? Should they evolve systems for their exercise and apparatus work like the Swedish and German systems? Need they organize olympics as did the Greeks and Romans? Ought they treat with scorn those who follow the more serious phases of life—study, work and service—instead of indulging in sport and developing their physical selves?

* * * *

It is the firm belief of the writer that Jewish life should not allow itself to be dragged into the modern sport hysteria which is engulfing intellectual American strongholds and making for mature bodies and childish brows! Sports and Athletics are opiates; they draw men away from the realities of life. Strength of body alone is not the Jewish ideal. "Not with armies, nor with

strength, but with my spirit shall you conquer," says the prophet. The specialized intensification of physical exercise is to be decried; It is good for men to keep fit and be well-developed; exercises and apparatus work are helpful in correcting physical deficiencies; but is quite another matter to give and be incited to give one's whole being to the extreme exploitation of his neuro-muscular system. It is good to be bodily active. It is bad, however, to subordinate all other interests to that of the development of the body. Reasonable activity accumulates energy; excessive activity wastes it. Military tactics, marching and wand drills should be omitted from any program of physical training unless the purpose of education is to supply cannon fodder!

American universities have become athletic, training centers. Football, baseball, basketball and boxing have developed a handful of athletic exhibitionists, who are catering to the whims of the roaring throngs of spectators, with comparatively small physical benefit to themselves and little or no benefit to the thousands of observers present. Young men are "broken in" and trained like young colts whose goal in life is to achieve a "record." Side by side, keeping pace, we are building stadia and insane asylums.

The major portion of an extra curricular program which will give social, recreational and physical gains resulting in health should include: sensible individual and group sports which develop pleasurable skills, individual and group games, natural gymnastics, handball, tennis, boxing,

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Mr. Hurwitz is our P. T. Instructor and Dormitory Supervisor. He is well-known to all Yeshiva-men. We are indeed glad to publish his enlightening contribution.

wrestling, baseball, basketball and folk dances. Free play, sunshine, fresh air, pure water and a knowledge of the care of the body is the most natural program of personal hygiene.

For the average normal being, health can be gotten from his daily work and his natural activities. As the Talmud says, "a man should spend one third of his day sitting, one third standing, and one third lying" to lead a normal physical life.

My main thesis is that the Jews draw much of their physical vigor from their spiritual codes. Health to the Jew is a "modus vivendi" incorporated in his laws as a means or way of life; but not as an end in itself. Educators have agreed, that health is not merely a physical entity; it is a four-dimensional composite of physical, mental, moral and spiritual factors. The Jewish view, as seen through the Torah, is that the psychical, psychological and sociological influences acquired through religion are the greatest powers making for health. The spirit can overcome the primitive instincts of the flesh that knows no bounds. The sense of moderation is truly developed best thru the restraining bonds of religion. The spiritual outlook on life, resulting in a guiding philosophy, a calm, serene, purposeful mind, is the greatest stimulus to physical growth and development.

All the laws of the Torah were given to man "that he may live by them" and as the Talmud comments: "and not die by them." Thus it may be understood, that any law may be violated when the life of a human being is at stake. The Jewish religion never sponsored any form of extreme asceticism as did other races during the middle ages. Asceticism, the Talmud tells us, is a sin. A man should not deny himself the natural joys and pleasures of life. The Nazarite had to bring a sacrifice for having taken vows to abstain from bodily comforts. Temperance and moderation are important Jewish precepts.

The Talmud forbids Jews to live in a city where there are no physicians. Further, it commands a father to teach his son how to swim, how to excell at a handicraft. In the Psalms of David we read: "When thou eatest from the labor of thy hands, happy shalt thou be and it

shall be well with thee." Even the Rabbis themselves participated in physical labor. Rabbi Yitzchok was a blacksmith, Rabbi Yochanan was a shoe-maker, and the disciples of Rava were farmers.

The Rabbis all through the ages made laws and decisions concerning health. They have preached that we shall guard our health in order to be able to serve God and our fellow men with greater zeal. In the days of the Temple, the Rabbis and priests had control of health. The offices of priest and physician were usually combined in the same person. This was a natural state, considering life as a unit and its control unitary. Thus we see that our sages advocated health and work through right living. Maimonides considered health as necessary to lead a spiritual life. Indeed the Bible commands "and ye shall guard your bodies."

The Bible, the Talmud and the exegetical literature all contain important universal laws that have stood the test of science and society. A study of Jewish law reveals that religious legislations is directed toward physical, as well as spiritual welfare. For example: the dietary laws, the purity of family life, Sabbath sobriety, the rules of sex hygiene, circumcision, etc.—all these divine ordinances of physical wholesomeness and perennial truths for vigorous vitality have helped the Jewish race to survive throughout the ages not only spiritually but physically as well. The Jews have a life morality gotten from the Bible and tempered by their experiences and persecutions. This has enabled them to adapt themselves to every age and its needs.

* * * *

What then, does the new age demand? The present age, because of its monotony of work, its materialistic sordidness and artificiality, requires more than ever forces which should enrich its emotional life. The Jews recognize religion as their basic means to re-energize themselves physically and spiritually, yet they should also realize that social activity, play (re-creation) and physical exuberance are stimulating to the imagination, call forth the creativeness and spirit of man,

(Continued on Page 66)

HUMAN CHAFF

A SKETCH IN TWO SCENES

By

JACOB SEGAL

CHARACTERS

TOM.

DICK.

HARRY.

HANS, the waiter.

SCENE 1.

The interior of a cheap restaurant. At the right is the entrance from the outside, while to the left lies the kitchen.

It is about seven in the evening. The electric lamps in the restaurant throw a pale-yellow light about the room.

As the curtain rises, TOM and DICK are discovered sitting at a center table, eating. TOM is a well-built young man of twenty-three, well enough dressed, whose features and actions indicate an aggressive character. DICK is of the same age, but meek-looking, plain and unattractive; he is clearly of the unimaginative, yes-man type.

They speak between gulps, but when they are excited, they talk with food in the mouth. They continue to eat throughout the whole scene.

DICK: It's a tough life, alright.

TOM: Take for instance, fellows like us. What chance have we got in the world today? How can we expect to land a decent job, when family men are being fired right and left? It's a hopeless struggle, I tell you. *(In despair)* We can't see where we're going! We don't know what's going to become of us! *(Smiling bitterly)* A lot of good college did us. We've spent the most plastic years of our life, listening to dry lectures, spending nights writing vague theses that bored us to death, and attending classes against our will. And after making us suffer miserably

for four years, the dear professors hand us a worthless piece of paper, and tell us "Go hang!"

DICK: The diploma?

TOM: Yes, and yourselves too. *(A pause)* It's hopeless, I tell you. The best thing is to get out of it all.

DICK: What do you mean?

TOM: Suicide.

DICK: *(Surprised)* Oh, you don't mean that!

TOM: *(Aroused)* Isn't it the best way out? What other way can you see?

DICK: Well, you can't tell. Something may turn up.

TOM: *(Bitterly)* Something may turn up, yah! That's what the employment agencies have been telling me for the last year.

DICK: I haven't lost hope yet.

TOM: Hope? What can we hope for? What job can we work at? We're not prepared for life! *(With a poetic gesture)* And so we must prepare ourselves for death!

DICK: We must?

TOM: I see you're afraid. But I'm not! I'm going to do it! And Harry will follow me.

DICK: He won't.

TOM: He will. He's told me many times, he's disgusted with life.

DICK: *(With a smile)* He hasn't been looking very disgusted these last few days.

TOM: No, not since he's been chasing Mary around. He thinks he's in love, poor sap! But he'll get over it, wait and see. And then he'll—

DICK: He won't do it.

TOM: Alright, I'll talk to him right away, and you'll see.

(*HANS, the waiter, enters at left. He is of middle age, short, stout, with all the features of a typical German. He has a deep strong voice and he speaks with a heavy German accent.*)

HANS: (*Approaching the table*) Zoop!

TOM: Noodle.

DICK: Same here.

HANS: (*Bellowing to the kitchen*) Two noodles! (*He begins to clear the dishes from the table, looks askance at TOM and DICK, and in apologetic tones*) Excoos me, but I overheard vat you said about colletch, und I don't tink it is right. Colletch is goot. Yah, it is very goot. Mine son Adolph vent to colletch, und now he is a big lawyer. Yah, und he makes out goot, too.

TOM: Say, how many times are you going to tell us about that son of yours?

HANS: Excoos me, but I chust wanted to tell you that colletch is goot. An achucation is the greatest ting in the world. Look at me. If I had an echucation, I wouldn't haf to slafe here like this. I could be a colletch professor, or sum-ting. Couldn't I?

TOM: (*Under his breath*) You look as dumb as any of 'em. (*Aloud*) Say, are you going to get our soup, or aren't you??

HANS: (*Walking off with dishes*) Alright, alright. (*Footsteps are heard from the right, the door opens, and HARRY enters, hat in hand, whistling. He is rather flashily dressed. His frail build and delicately-lined face indicate a sensitive nature, capable of extremes.*)

HARRY: (*Throwing his hat on a hanger, and approaching the table*) Howdy Tom! Howdy Dick! Beautiful evening, isn't it?

DICK: Yeah, it's nice.

TOM: (*At the same time*) Hello, Harry.

HANS: (*Coming in with the soup*) Yah, the vetter is vunderful. How do the Americans say it? Spring has sprung. Yah, but in Cherman it is much nicer. (*Placing the soup on the table*)

Der frühling ist hier. Ja, und die Liebe auch! Ah, those goot old days in Berlin, ven I vas young. I used to go riding vit my girl in the park. The moon vas so romantic . . . (*Suddenly, to HARRY*) Froot salad or fish?

HARRY: (*Already seated; with a smile*) Fruit, Hansie ol' boy, and make it snappy. I've got to rush. Bring me the soup now too. Noodle.

HANS: (*Going hurriedly out*) Right away, sir.

TOM: (*To HARRY*) Got a date?

HARRY: (*Smiling*) And how.

TOM: With Mary?

HARRY: I didn't know you were my private secretary.

TOM: Of course, it's none of my business—

HARRY: Then why ask?

TOM: Take my word for it, Harry, I'm not nosey. I have a good reason for asking . . . Eh, do you mind if—

HANS: (*Coming in with food, and interrupting*) Here it is, sir. Pretty quick for an old man like me, no? Und now, boys, how about meat? Ve haf a beautiful steak, chust fried!

HARRY: Okay, Hans.

DICK: Same here.

TOM: Ditto. (*HANS goes out*) I say, Harry, do you mind if I ask you some questions?

HARRY: I don't know what you're aiming at, but if you insist, go ahead. I'm in a good mood tonight.

TOM: You feel happy, don't you?

HARRY: I do.

TOM: The whole world looks rosy to you now, doesn't it?

HARRY: I don't care what the world looks like. I'm happy, and . . . and . . . and she's happy, and that's all that concerns me.

TOM: Ah, she! Is it that serious?

HARRY: Well, if you must know, I'm proposing tonight. We're as good as married. I've ordered the ring already.

TOM: (*With sarcasm*) In love! So that's why you're happy?

HARRY: Say, you don't know what it feels like to be in love!

TOM: (*With forced calmness*) Tell me, what does it feel like?

HARRY: It's indescribable. You feel so light, so—

TOM: (*Suddenly leaning forward toward HARRY, and with bitterness*) Yes, I know! You feel empty in the stomach and giddy in the head, don't you? You feel like walking on air, don't you? (*Pointing toward the right*) Out there in the street, men reel along the sidewalks. They also feel giddy in the head, and empty in the stomach. But their giddiness comes not from love, but from hunger! They are marching on to their eternal lover—Death!

HARRY: What are you driving at?

TOM: You have no right to be happy! You have no right to be in love when there is so much suffering—

HARRY: What do you want me to do, weep for the whole world?

TOM: Commit suicide, and take away that much misery from the world, that's what!

HARRY: (*To DICK*) Is he serious?

DICK: I think so. He told me you were planning suicide yourself some time ago.

HARRY: I was foolish then. Now I see my whole life fresh before me.

TOM: How treacherous love is! It covers all black misery with such a rosy cloak! . . . Tell me, is your situation any better now than it was four weeks ago? Have you got a job?

HARRY: No, but—

TOM: Has she got any money?

HARRY: (*Angrily*) I'm not marrying for money, I'll have you know.

TOM: Do you expect to subsist on love?

HARRY: I'll find a job somehow, now that I've someone else to live for.

TOM: What can you work at?

HARRY: Anything.

TOM: Today that means nothing.

HARRY: If I try hard enough, I'll get a job.

TOM: By that you mean to insinuate that all heads of families starving today, are not trying?

HARRY: (*Vexed*) Oh, lay off.

TOM: Why not face the facts? (*With renewed vigor*) And even supposing you do get a job, what then? Won't your life still be full of misery? You will suffer illness, disappointments, disillusionment, sorrow, hatred, anguish, envy. You will quarrel. You will bring forth children into the world. More misery. Their bodies will be racked by diseases. They will die, or they will remain cripples, to suffer more. (Or if they grow up to be normal and healthy, war will destroy them . . . Is that a bright future? Is that something to live for and hope for? (*HARRY does not answer, and TOM continues, eager to paint as black a picture as possible*) And all this suffering is futile and meaningless. The man has not yet lived who, on his death-bed, could truthfully say his life had been worth while. And the world now is degenerating, speeding fast to ruin and destruction. The next war will be the last war. And look at the world now. Try to imagine, all at once: starving babes, whining for food; sobbing, heart-broken mothers; babbling idiots; poison gas factories; jammed prisons; crowded hospitals; conflagrations; hurricanes; earthquakes; beggars; thieves; murderers; disease—

HARRY: (*Unnerved*) Stop, you've taken away my appetite.

TOM: So you admit I'm right.

HARRY: I don't admit anything.

TOM: I see, you're still bolstered up by your love. (*Playing his trump*) What if I destroy that too? What if I prove to you she doesn't love you?

HARRY: (*Turning pale*) You can't! She loves me!

TOM: How do you know?

HARRY: She loves me, I tell you! I can tell it in her eyes. Her eyes are full of love for me.

TOM: I'm going to shatter your illusion, my boy. (*Rises and approaches the telephone at right.*)

HARRY: (*Nervously*) What are you going to do?

TOM: I'm going to ask her if she loves you.

HARRY: Are you mad? You can't do

that!

TOM: (*Sardonically*) Oh, I'll do it very nicely. First I'll ask her to go out with me tomorrow night.

HARRY: She won't go. She knows I'm proposing tonight—And from now on, she's mine.

TOM: Oh yeah? We'll see. (*Lifts receiver*)

HARRY: She won't go! She promised to be faithful!

TOM: (*Into phone*) Edgewater, 934. (*To HARRY, with a vicious smile*) The word "faithful" applies only to men. (*Into phone*) Hello! Mary? This is Tom. How are you? That's good . . . Oh, I'm okay . . . No, nothing new . . . Say, are you doing anything tomorrow night? How about going out with me? . . . Well, we might take in a show. How about it? Okay? . . . Alright then, I'll call for you at eight sharp. (*Smiles triumphantly at HARRY. HARRY, during the conversation, has been fidgeting nervously about, regarding TOM with an anxious face. Now his nervous look is gradually changing to one of panic and terror.*) Say, Mary, what's this I hear about you and Harry? Is it anything serious? . . . What are you laughing about? . . . What? . . . H'm . . . Oho! He does, does he? . . . Yeah, I notice he's been calling on you quite often . . . Of course, it wouldn't be polite to refuse his gifts. You better not tell him that; he's quite sensitive, you know. (*HARRY rises and rushes frantically to phone*) Well, for that matter, neither do I . . . Alright then, Mary I'll see you tomorrow night at eight. G'bye.

HARRY: (*Full of terror*) What did she say?

TOM: (*With a taunting laugh*) Ha! Her eyes are full of love—

HARRY: Tom, tell me—

TOM: She said you get on her nerves, that's what! She said you're a kid, and she couldn't refuse you on account of your gifts.

HARRY: (*Almost hysterical*) She didn't say that! I don't believe it!

TOM: So help me G-d, Harry, that's what she said.

HARRY: You're lying!

TOM: You boob, I tell you it's true!

HARRY: (*In shrill hysterical tones*) It's not true! It's not true! You—you—(*His voice breaks as tears rush to his eyes, and his words are stifled. He stands glaring at TOM, and suddenly lunges a blow at him. TOM deftly catches his wrist and bends it backward, smiling sadistically at HARRY'S grimaces of pain*) Ouch, let go!

DICK: Hey, you better sit down. You're making a row.

TOM: (*Releases HARRY and walks back to the table*) You're a coward, you couldn't take the shock. I was warning you all the time not to form any illusions about women. (*Sits down*) And there you are. (*With sudden vigor*) What have you got to live for now?

HARRY: (*Remains standing near the telephone, in a dazed manner. His look of hysteria has changed to one of dull confusion.*) Why did you do it? Why?

TOM: I wanted you to face the facts. Now you see that life is not so rosy as you dream. Wake up!

HARRY: (*In despair*) Why did you do it? You've ruined my dreams, my future, my life. When I came in here before, I was so gay, so happy, and now I feel like—

TOM: (*Interrupting*) Killing yourself?

HARRY: (*Sinks into a chair at a nearby table; in a despairing groan*) Oh, dear G-d!

TOM: You've got to face the facts, that's all . . . Your happiness was due to ignorance and illusion. Once you break the illusion, and come face to face with cruel truth, there can be no happiness. And then the only way out is death! (*With the voice of a dreamer*) Who knows, perhaps there is something better beyond?

DICK: Isn't it cowardly to commit suicide?

TOM: (*Aroused*) It's cowardly to live! Have we any goal in life? Can we attain happiness, if such a thing does not exist? Then must we, like cowards, bite the dust and yield to such misery? Must we endure life without knowing why? We see no plan in our lives. We are thrown about, like chaff on a sea of moods. One day we are filled with elation, for no reason at all, and the next day we sink to the deepest des-

pair . . . Tonight I feel depressed, dejected, desparate. I see no shred of hope in life; And tomorrow I may be in seventh heaven with senseless glee . . . Isn't it braver to die than to live this way- (*HARRY remains seated, muttering incoherently.*)

Curtain

SCENE II.

The following evening at the same time. As the curtain rises, DICK is discovered sitting at the center table, eating his soup. HANS is seen going out at left. At the same time, the door at the right opens, and TOM comes in, hat in hand. His dark suit, bright-colored tie, and sleek hair give him a flashy appearance, which is accentuated by his broad smile and snappy gait.

TOM: (*Throwing his hat on a nearby hanger*) How are you, Dick? Peach of an evening!

DICK: (*Excitedly*) Hello, Tom. Have you heard about Harry?

TOM: (*Sitting down*) Yeah. Tried to gas himself, the sap. Couldn't even do that straight.

DICK: He took you seriously, alright, didn't he?

TOM: Did you ever see such a gullible sap?

DICK: What d'you mean, gullible? You—

TOM: Aw, I was just in one of my moods, that's all; I never thought he'd take me that seriously. (*A pause*) It's too bad, but I guess he'll recover. (*In a gayer tone*) You know, I

met Mary downtown today.

DICK: (*Eagerly*) What did she say about Harry?

TOM: Oh, she was sorry, and all that—but after all, you can't go mourning over other peoples' sorrows. (*Breaking off*) You know, she's a nice girl. A good looker—and a college graduate!

HANS: (*Coming in from left*) Ah, there you are! (*Approaching the table*) But vere is the other one—Harry?

TOM: In the hospital.

HANS: (*Surprised*) Vat for?

DICK: Tried to kill himself. But he's getting better.

HANS: Oh my, is that so? Vy did he do it? (*Not waiting for an answer*) Mine son Adolph had a case like this once—

TOM: (*With feigned anger*) Hans, you go into that kitchen and bring me a fricassee, a chicken soup, and chops—all at once! And make it snappy! Heavy date, gotta rush!

HANS: (*Going hurriedly out*) Right away!

TOM: (*To DICK, with a dreamy look in his eyes*) You know, Mary is a very nice girl. Don't blame Harry for falling for her. (*With a wink*) And I'm taking her out tonight! (*Receiving no response from DICK, he begins to whistle a merry tune as*

(The Curtain Falls)



BEAUTY

By

ABRAHAM S. GUTERMAN

The importance of a correct balance between the intellect and the other faculties of man has oft-times manifested itself thru history. At first men strove to attain physical perfection. In this the intellect was neglected. Then they tried to epitomize philosophy. In this the intellect was exalted. Then the effort was to create an attitude of pure reason. In this the intellect was exaggerated. Finally the effort to-day is toward a scientific outlook, and in this the intellect is dogmatized.

In all of these endeavors the complete human personality is entirely overlooked. The reduction of a complex, human being into a mere intellectual machine detracts from, rather than adds to his happiness and contentment in life. The soul which cannot thrill to Beauty, the human whose senses are closed to the artistic in life, loses a great part of the pleasure of existence.

In our modern age we sternly and uncompromisingly accept a certain fixed set of truths, laws, and rules. An intellect based to a large degree on a popularized science and a plebeian scientific attitude dominates in determinating our philosophy and mode of life. A set of doctrines based on glittering generalities has given the intellect absolute sway in the material as well as the spiritual affairs of men.

Those who cry out against this tyrannic reign of rationalism speak of the pleasures of the soul and the spirit. It is extremely difficult to define exactly what we mean by the spirit. It is even more difficult to explain what we mean by soul. But we can in a general indirect way indicate what these seeming abstractions connote for us.

We enjoy the strains of a beautiful composition played by a symphony. The tones produced seem to strike kindred notes in us. Every fibre in us tingles. We are whisked away into another world where the body no longer exists. Our soul promenades in ethereal spheres. Now we float, now we fly, now we sigh, now we laugh. Our spirits rise

and fall with the rhythm. We feel a certain soothing, softening sensation. It is the power of music. It does not appeal to the intellect. Its call is to the human heart, and the heart's reaction is a manifestation of the soul.

We gaze upon the beauties of a landscape. The varying shades of green harmonize with the multi-colored flowers and trees and all blend into one beauteous whole. We feel a sense of exhilaration. Our spirits rise. They soar over hill and over dale guided by the eye. The very shadows cast by the trees become an integral part of the scene. Everything contributes to that indescribable feeling of satisfaction within us. It is the spirit of joy in nature's beauty. It too appeals to the heart and is an expression of the soul.

Tho the gift of creative beauty is a rare bounty of God, yet the gift of beauty appreciation is a faculty whose roots exist in every human. To permit this gift to lie dormant, to give it no opportunity to flower forth in the glorification of one's life, is to stifle one of the finest and most precious things to which we have fallen heir. To live long feelingless years is useless, to have gone thru the ordinary drab and jejune pursuits of existence soullessly is wasteful; but to have sensed for a time the spirit of beauty, to have made of it a companion gracing the table of one's personality is to consummate the ideal of human achievement.

Beauty is not limited to the fields of music, or poetry, or literature, or art. There is beauty in the most simple of things. We need but the eye to see along with the heart to feel. There is a beauty in simplicity and a beauty in complexity. There is a beauty in neatness and a beauty in dilapidation. There is a beauty in the sheen of newly made things and a beauty in the charm of the dust-laden antique. All about us are the calls of beauty. We have but to answer, and make life fuller, richer, and more worth living.

BOOKS

By

HUGO MANTEL

ANTI-SEMITISM IN AMERICA

"CHRISTIANS ONLY"

*A Study in Prejudice**By Heywood Brown & George Britt.
The Vanguard Press, New York*

"Christians Only" is not a scientific analysis of Anti-Semitism and discrimination in America; it is a journalistic effort to describe conditions with the aid of some statistics and first-hand information. The authors have exposed facts which have in a general way been known, in order thus to advance the cause of tolerance and good-will. How far they have succeeded, if at all, can scarcely be known. It is possible, too, that inadvertently they hurt their cause. For in establishing how widespread and how prevalent Anti-Semitism is, they have lent dignity to the monster. This, however, is a debatable question.

It is true as the authors say that "prejudice on opposite shores of the ocean is very much the same, except in degree". This difference is due probably to the fact that Anti-Semitism feeds not on facts, but on abstract and mystic balderdash. Mysticism, for good and for bad, has a better soil in European countries than in America. The land of pioneers, the home of pragmatism and Behaviorism, is more practical and fair-minded. Yet discrimination is on the increase in this country. The reason for this spread, however, is not passion but a desire to conform to general practice. The tendency toward uniformity is undoubtedly one of the most potent characteristics of American civilization.

Can the tide of prejudice and discrimination be stemmed? It does not pay to be pessimistic on the subject. As much as can, should be saved. For the development of Anti-Semitism will not only hurt the Jew, in making him bitter, and perhaps, unproductive, but it will also bring about

a spiritual degeneration in his haters. Let especially the American educators beware of that! Discrimination in the colleges breeds hatred on the part of the students; that this ill-brood can bring no good—in fact that it may ultimately bring about an annihilation of all that is noble and worthy in American civilization—can hardly be doubted. Nor will the exclusion of the Jew from the profession and from commerce benefit the country. Once, moreover, the people will be obsessed by any sort of enmity, there will be an end to the proverbial sound judgment of the American public. The late war has well illustrated this point. From sheer patriotism, therefore, sensible citizens, Jews and non-Jews, should fight discrimination.

There is at least one thing which the Jew can and should do, both as a Jew and as an American. It has been observed that prejudice against the Jews has often been caused or strengthened by the lack of self-respect on the part of the Jew. This feeling of inferiority is almost invariable due to an ignorance of Jewish history and literature. Being unacquainted with his rich past, the Jew feels ashamed of belonging to a race that, in his eyes, is nothing but "peculiar". The psychological reaction of the non-Jew is naturally one of contempt and slight.

The Jew who is conscious of his versatile past has dignity; he has a clearer notion of the Jewish problem and can deal with it intelligently; and, finally, he is more sociable. Sociability, in helping to bring about a better understanding between Jews and non-Jews, is perhaps the best weapon against prejudice.

Also, being imbued with the spirit of the Prophets and of the Rabbis, the Jew will emerge as a better and greater man; his influence on the American culture and civilization will rise both in quality and in quantity.

THE FORTUNES OF JUDAISM

BOOKS

A Perspective of Jewish Life Through Its Festivals
By NIMA H. ADLERBLUM
The Jewish Forum Publishing Co.
New York, 1930

If spirituality has been the strength of the Jews, then the Sabbath and the holidays are their fortresses. During week-days, when people are harassed to earn a livelihood, there is, for one thing, little time left for study, prayer and meditation. For another, men are likely to become cynics in the hard struggle for existence. The Sabbath and the holidays have made the Jews forget their economic and political troubles. To those who have witnessed life in thoroughly Jewish communities, the celebration of the holy days is unforgettable. A spirit of rest and holiness pervaded the atmosphere of home and street. On the Sabbath, one would find the entire community in the synagogue, praying, singing, and let us be truthful, chatting. A delicious dinner amid the family circle was followed by an afternoon of rest and study.

The lofty emotions, too, were given expression. The Matzoh on Passover, the decorations on Shevuoth, the Esrog on Succoth, the dancing on Simchath Torah—all lent a subtle but real peculiarity to each holiday. Sadder feelings found an outlet on Tishoh Be'av and on the other fast days. Repentance was the order on Rosh Hashonah and on Yom Kippur.

The holidays, thus, were not merely days of leisure but also of spiritual activity and uplift. It is common knowledge that without leisure there can be no culture. In Greece, Rome, etc., the institution of slavery provided leisure for the wealthy. Among the Jews, where slavery was discouraged, the Sabbath was a day of rest for all. This arrangement has the advantage of eliminating a class of lazy people and of providing a spiritual opportunity for poor and rich alike.

Those, therefore, who are interested in preserving spirituality among Jews, must, in the first place, endeavor to make the observance of the Sabbath and of the holidays universal among our

people. It is in this spirit that we recommend this book, "A Perspective of Jewish Life Through Its Festivals," a popular and enthusiastic description of the observance of the holy days.

RASHI: THE SPIRIT OF JUDAISM

BOOK REVIEW

Pentateuch (Leviticus) and Rashi's Commentary translated into English and annotated by Rev. M. Rosenbaum and Dr. A. M. Silberman. In collaboration with A. Blashki and L. Joseph.
Published by Shapiro Valentine & Co., London, 1932.

The importance of the study of that great work "Rashi on the Bible" can not be fully expressed. It contains in concise, clear, and simple form the commentary of the sages on the Bible. Historically, it is the first Jewish, and perhaps general, anthology. But it is much more than an mere anthology; it is a great religious work. And it is a peculiarly Jewish religious work, since it not only contains a traditional interpretation of the text and the laws derived from the letters of the Torah, but it is also one of the best representations of the soul of Judaism, for it abounds in quotations from the Midrash and the Agada. The lofty and finer emotions and ideals of the Jewish sages are cited by Rashi on every appropriate occasion. By studying Rashi, one gets a rare insight into what Judaism actually stands for. A high seriousness (if one may borrow that phrase), a notable morality, a pious attitude, a complete devotion to ideals, and a severe self-discipline—all these are imperceptibly smuggled in so to speak—to the reader of Rashi. Indeed, the personality and genius of Rashi, patient and kindly pedagogue, is truly fitted to the task of illuminating the Torah. He did not attempt to impose his own ingenuity in the interpretation of the passages of the Bible. In fact, in several places he modestly remarks: "I do not know the meaning of this verse." His intention was to clarify the path of the scholar by interpreting briefly, and in precise language, the difficult words and passages. But, in reality, he accomplished much more than that, by citing the Midrashic remarks. Thus uniting heart and mind, he has typified Judaism and has endeared himself

to the critical scholar and to the emotional layman alike. Rarely did any writer appeal thus to all classes of men. Like no other individual, Rashi was studied diligently and carefully throughout the Middle Ages by all Jews.

The volume before us is the third volume, Leviticus, of an extremely careful and conscientious translation of Rashi; it even contains an appendix of more than seventy pages of small type, where the difficult themes receive special treatment. The translators made a thorough search after the best versions of the text. They have, moreover, amplified on the text with a close study from the Talmud and its commentaries. They have also systematized and organized complicated and chaotic matter.

The value of this work can scarcely be over-

estimated. Talmud Torahs, Hebrew High Schools, and Teacher Training Schools, as well as rabbis, will appreciate the scholarly translation of, and annotations on, Rashi. Nowadays, when we find it so difficult to transfer the spirit of *Ancient Israel* to the new generation which is brought up in a non-Jewish atmosphere, this book is a veritable blessing. We are especially grateful to the translators for sparing no effort in elaborating on the analysis, and for printing in italics the emphatic expressions, so as to assist the youthful scholar who might otherwise lose himself in the vastness of the field. Here Rashi has found more faithful translators than he has in any other tongue. We hope for the next two volumes, and in the meantime recommend this book warmly.

JEWISH VIEW ON HEALTH AND PHYSICAL EDUCATION

(Continued from Page 57)

and help maintain his nervous equilibrium, so that "he can live best and serve most."

Although it is true that in developing themselves in the higher pursuits of life, in business, philanthropy, scholastic and social endeavors, the Jew neglected the development of his body. This was due, in the past, to their life in the Ghetto, and to numerous social and economic causes. The majority of Jews had little time for leisure; their only day of rest, the Sabbath, was spent in study, not in idle rest.

In the present age of social and individual freedom, the Jews should strive through their spiritual

philosophy for a higher status of physical ability to meet the ever increasing demands of modern civilization. The Jews must arrive at soul-useful, cultural recreation for their leisure time, instead of the deteriorating and dissipating entertainments of the present day. The old Cheder learning has been supplanted by institutions such as the synagogue and the community centers, culminating in such a magnificent, educational and cultural endeavor as the Yeshiva College.

Let us hope that "yet in our days" the Jews will come to their physical selves, and continue to be bearers of light to all mankind.

ECONOMICS FROM A JEWISH VIEW-POINT

(Continued from Page 50)

Only with a fundamental change of attitude and sentiment can we expect a return to better times. The business psychology of the last half-century must be discarded for a more humane social outlook on the part of the captains of industry

—who have hitherto neglected the crew. This, in essence, is Judaism's plan, the plan that can lead humanity from the valley of misery in which it is now astray to the heights of happiness and well-being for which we are so eagerly striving.

THE STUDENTS' COUNCIL



Seated, left to right:—

Aaron Wise, *Secretary*; Louis Engelberg, *Vice-President*; Hyman Muss, *President*; Joseph Kaminetsky, *Editor*; Israel Upbin.

Standing: Meyer Greenberg, Aaron Kellner, Louis Izenstein, Meyer Eskowitz, Hyman Israel, Isaac Toubin and Louis Leifer.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

At last our organization has reached a stage in its development which permits introspection and a review of accomplishments during the short period of its existence. We believe that most of the indifference which characterized the attitude of the student body at the initiation of the organization has been overcome and has been transformed to a great extent to one of enthusiasm. There is no necessity for any detailed outline of accomplishments. Suffice it to say that thru the helpful, sympathetic support of the office and the newly manifested spirit of the student body a smoothly running machine has been developed which attempts to cater to the extra-curricula needs and wants of the student body. In addition, the students organization has been officially recognized by the authorities as the duly constituted representative group of the student body and has become an invaluable association for discussing matters pertaining to our interest and welfare.

We do, however, feel that there are a few matters which cannot be passed by unmentioned. First of all the growth of the Masmid in a very short period to its present proportions has been fostered thru the efforts of the students organizations. This point is not mentioned with a spirit of boastfulness, but rather with the purpose of illustrating the possibilities an energetic and enthusiastic council can realize within the next few years. We trust that our successors will not spare any effort in attempting to build on this small beginning a brilliant and sparkling edifice.

It is of the utmost importance too that the policy taken by the students' organization of devoting a great portion of its funds towards increasing the size of our library should be one of the major interests of succeeding councils.

We wish to commend the athletic council, a creation of the students organization, for their marvelous work in organizing varsity teams in the various athletic sports. We do, however, suggest that valuable and praiseworthy as it may be to engage in competition with other schools, interclass athletic activity should be given its proper emphasis.

We think it, however, of more advantage to

discuss those accomplishments which have been left undone—activities which we trust will be attempted by our successors. Due to regrettable reasons we have allowed intercollegiate debating, in which we have made a very successful beginning, to lapse during the last year. We very strongly suggest that the next council take the necessary steps to reinstate this honorable institution. We also heartily recommend the establishment of a forensic club for the purpose of promoting interclass debating. In addition it would be of great value to organize a dramatic and glee club.

With most sincere felicitations to our successors we take leave of our students organization which has been dear to our hearts. We trust that the modest beginning which we have made will be expanded by future administrations.

HYMAN MUSS,

President of Yeshiva College

Students Organization.

ATHLETICS

Basketball

In basketball the Yeshiva College enjoyed a very successful season the past year. Under the able guidance of our coach Hy. Littman, we were able to win 7 out of the 12 games played.

We started the basketball season facing a team from Camp Edgemere; the game was played in the Riets Hall gymnasium. We came out victorious to the tune of 27-19. We then traveled to Boro Park to defeat the Young Israel of Boro Park by the score of 26-23.

Our first defeat of the season came when we had to face the strong Schechter Institute team. We lost by the score of 31-23. The game was played at the Institute court. In a return game which was played in our gymnasium, we were again defeated. This time, by the close score of 16-15. It seems that the Institute is our "jinx." We leave, then, a task for future basketball teams: to through off that "jinx."

Games were also played with the N. Y. U. School of Education, Talmudical Academy, S. O. Y., and Young Israel of the Bronx. In all these contests our boys gave a good showing. We

finished the basketball season with a total of 7 games won out of 12, giving us a percentage of .583—not so bad.

* * * * *

Baseball

On Tuesday May 24, the College celebrated its annual L'ag B'Omer Field Day at Van Cortlandt Park. The outing was featured by baseball games with the S. O. Y. and the Talmudical Academy; the college team came out victorious in both contests.

The game with the S. O. Y. was especially interesting due to the pitching duel between Abbie Troy and Bennie Genauer. In the 5th inning, a walk to Friedman followed with hits by Skolnick, Upbin and Leifer, clinched the game for our team.

The second contest was again marked by the pitching of Abbie, aided by the bats of Skolnick, Upbin and Funk.

Thus we closed a successful year of sports. We have discovered a large amount of potential material which ought to be fully developed.

In conclusion, in the name of the Athletic Council, let me extend our thanks to our coach, Hy Littman, for his tireless efforts in making our athletic machine fit to represent our Alma Mater.

ISRAEL FRIEDMAN,
Chairman, Athletic Council.

MEDICAL ORGANIZATION

This year the medical staff of the Yeshiva was very active. Through the efforts of a large number of physicians a thorough study of the health needs of the Yeshiva students was made. These physicians were ready, whenever required, to examine and treat the students either at the Yeshiva or at their offices. They have given a great deal of their time to this work.

Dr. Gordon, our visiting physician, was continually on the job and much credit must be given him for his kindly interest. Credit is also due one of our students, Samuel Deutsch, who gave a great deal of time as secretary to the medical staff; and of course, to Mr. Hurwitz, our physical director, we owe much thanks. The latter's ser-

vices to the Yeshiva in this as well as in many other directions are inestimable.

Dr. Swick co-ordinated the various activities and has developed a plan for a permanent organization of a Department of Hygiene for the Yeshiva College which awaits the approval of the Board of Directors.

The Temporary Organization that worked so energetically is as follows:

Medical Director.....Dr. David A. Swick
Physical Education Director..Mr. A. B. Hurwitz
Visiting Physician.....Dr. Nathan Gordon
Secretary.....Mr. Samuel Deutsch

We hereby express our appreciation to the entire staff which is composed of the following:

Physicians

Dr. David Basset	Dr. Barnett M. Hirschfeld
Dr. Raphael A. Bendove	Dr. Harry E. Isaacs
Dr. Leo Braun	Dr. Benjamin Jablons
Dr. Abraham A. Brill	Dr. William C. Jacobson
Dr. Arnold Cassell	Dr. Henry Keller
Dr. Hyman Cohen	Dr. Samuel J. Kopetzky
Dr. Jacob Feldman	Dr. Oscar L. Levin
Dr. Sidney E. Epstein	Dr. Walter Levy
Dr. Isidore Fischer	Dr. Henry A. Rafsky
Dr. Arthur M. Fishberg	Dr. A. Noah Schiller
Dr. Herman Fried	Dr. Mark Schoenberg
Dr. Emanuel D. Friedman	Dr. Sol Slonka
Dr. Bernhard S. Gottlieb	Dr. Biezel Steinberg
Dr. Isidore W. Held	

Dentists

Dr. I. E. Kaufman	Dr. H. I. Wachtel
Dr. J. L. Kaufman	Dr. Simon Resnick

Opticians

Isidore Karp.....Stern Optical Co.

Pharmacist

Louis G. Gitlin

Surgical Supplies

N. S. Low & Co.

Hospitals

The Beth Israel Hospital
The Jewish Memorial Hospital

We are very much indebted to the Beth Israel Hospital authorities and their physicians for the generous and devoted service rendered the students of the Yeshiva who were in need of hospital care, and to the Jewish Memorial Hospital for their free laboratory examinations for the students of the Yeshiva College.

THE VIVID PAST

Things have happened so fast around our climes this year that it has been difficult to keep track of them all. Still, we'll make an energetic attempt to recall some of them to the minds of our fellow-students and readers.

* * * * *

The first big main event of the year was our freind Abe Guterman's snatching of the second prize in the State Competition of the Oratorical Contest connected with the George Washington Bicentennial Celebration. It thrilled us to think that Yeshiva College almost represented New York State in the National Contest. More power to you, Abe old fellow!

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More excitement followed when we were expecting the Inspectors from Albany. Some of our Seniors were ever on the look-out for them, yet missed them when they did come. Imagine all that ceremony with the desk in the main lobby wasted!

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The old Deutsch "studes" staged a Goethe Celebration this year, just like the best of universities. Good for them!

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The poor swimming team couldn't get started this year. Some of the thirsty Seniors who had to make up one of the P. T. courses must have drunk the pool dry.

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The basketball team was full of pep, however, and showed a lot of progress. Imagine, a coach and uniforms in but two years!

The College Council was as active as ever this year. . . . They have even made plans to plant trees in Palestine.

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The biggest excitement of the year, however, started late in May, when the haughty Seniors began their preparations for Commencement.

* * * * *

Senior meetings were held almost every other week under the able guidance of the president, the Genial Mr. "Srully" Upbin (Ahem). . . . We're still wondering whether the meditative little secretary of the class, Mr. Levine, will ever learn how to abbreviate the names of the days of the week. . . .

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And for the benefit of the more lowly undergrads the Seniors even staged a neat dress-rehearsal by taking pictures in caps and gowns in the library.

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Incidentally poor "Label" Izenstein, the vice-president of the Senior class had a tough time getting all the measurements for these caps and gowns. It's no fun getting personal information from a Senior!

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And now, as we go to press, the entire school awaits the opportunity to send the Senior class off in the "soup-and-fish" for the Banquet tendered them by the Board of Direcotrs.

* * * * *

And then it's Commencement. . . So long, old pals, hope the Juniors like the key you picked.
Ame K.

The "Bottlin"

A SKETCH OF DORMITORY LIFE IN THE MOURNING

(Exaggerated more or less)

ACT—Now, before it's too late!

SCENE—Once, you'll never want to see it again.

PLACE—Cell 1-8-3.

TIME—When you wish it were evening.

As the window shade rises, we see among other things, two heads (or are they noses?) protruding from under the bed covers of two beds. They belong to Max (781356) and Sam (781357), who are snugly tucked in under the covers, sleeping soundly (i. e. with sound), and snoring so loudly that they almost wake themselves, yet in a musical harmony that one seldom or never (mostly never) hears outside of Yeshiva walls. Suddenly, like thunder out of a clear sky, the 7:30 gong begins to toll the knell of parting sleep, and immediately Max starts to toss about in bed furiously. Apparently he is enjoying the ringing so intensely that his whole body beats time to the rhythmic vibrations of the bell.

Bell: B-r-r-r B-r-r-r B-r-r-r, etc. (indefinitely for six minutes, if not longer).

Max: (His prolonged patience exhausted, rising in a rage). I won't stand for this any longer! (Buries his head and nose under the pillow until he is compelled to emerge for air.) G-g-gosh, it's freezing here! (glances at the thermometer.) If there's anything in the world I'd like to be, it's the temperature in this room. That never has to rise! . . . Oh, my head! It's ringing like a hollow sound box. I couldn't get up now even if I tried—if I could try. . . . Oh, heaven deliver us from this. . . . (Ringing stops. As Max finishes heaving a sigh of relief, a loud, piercing blast is heard. It's the bugle on the job with a bang! The famous delightful (?) Reveille! Just another mild insinuation that it's time to get up.

Bugle: Toot-too-too, Toot-too-too, etc. (to the tune of the "Prisoner's Song," at least so it sounds to Max.)

Max (violently): They're not waking us;

they're breaking us! . . . That's how we enjoy the "break of day." (Bugle waxes eloquent.) Well, if it's the last thing I ever do, I'm gonna plaster these . . . yes, prison walls with a nice, thick layer of sound-proof cardboard! (Bugle stops.) Well, maybe I won't this time. I'll give 'em a "break." (Both bell and bugle start going full force, each seemingly vying to outdo the other.) A break I'll give them! I In the neck!

Max (springing out of bed): If that bell isn't paralyzed, and that bugler isn't murdered in five minutes, I'm a liar! (Bell and bugle suddenly cease.) See, they're afraid of me! . . . But why didn't I think of that ten minutes ago? I'm dumb! (Goes back into bed. Starts singing "We're in the army now," but is soon interrupted by a loud, sharp knocking on one of the doors down the hall.)

Voices: Up for the Minyan! Up for the Minyan!

Max: Something tells me they want us to get up. What d'ya say, Sam? Let's go down to the Min— Sam! Sam! God!! What's happened? Imagine sleeping through all that racket and rumpus!

(No answer.)

(Rushes over to Sam's bed and starts shaking him fiercely.) Sam!! Sam!!

Sam (Opening his eyes): Wh . . . Wh . . . What's the matter, Max

Max (Loudly): Don't you feel well? Shall I call a doctor?

Voice (In the hall): Up for the Minyan! Down to the Minyan!

Sam: Uh? What? Can't hear you! Speak up! Why is everything so quiet this morning?

Max (More loudly): Sam! Sam! (Aside) Something's wrong!

Sam: Did you say I should "sing a song?"

Max (in despair): No! Sam, what's wrong?

(Aside) I'll call Mr. Hurwitz!

Sam: Uh? . . . oh, wait! (Springs up in bed

(Continued on Page 73)

THE SNIPER

A ONE ACT PLAY

Scene: *A meeting of the Junior Class. The entire group is deeply absorbed in a speech being delivered by a short, swarthy philosophic member whose ideas are highly respected by the entire class.*

The Philosopher: And as I prove in my article, fellow students, the council has accomplished absolutely nothing during its entire existence.

The Juniors (*in unison*): Yes, yes, the council has accomplished absolutely nothing.

The Philosopher: And I desire to emphasize the fact that this council has completely transformed our college life. It has bettered our condition in a thousand different ways. It has supplied us with a wonderful library, athletics of all sorts, etc. . . .

Class (*slightly perplexed by the seeming anomaly*): Yes, yes, he must be right. (For how can the philosopher be wrong?) Ipse dixit!

Out of the ether a senior sniper appears, holding his sides and laughing under full pressure:

Senior (*mockingly*): You fools, how can you agree to two contradictory statements?

The class (*completely mystified*): He is also right. How can both of these ideas be correct?

The Philosopher (*purple in the face with anger*): Do you agree with this intruder? How can a senior possibly be right? Drive him out immediately!

The Dopes: Yes, yes, how can a senior be right? (*One turns to the other appealingly.*) But who will lead the attack? (*The entire group looks quite sheepish, and is unable to budge.*)

In the meantime the senior gets up, casually lights a Murad, and walks straight through the doorway. By the time that the Juniors finally choose a short, mustached brunette to lead the attack, the Senior class has already been assembled for festivities.

(*The curtain goes down as the fun begins.*)

LEE.

WHEN HY LAID LOW

"Hy" was mounting the steps leading to the fourth floor in deep meditation, pondering over the "Seemon" he had just finished in the "Yoreh De'ah." As he stopped on the landing to regain his breath, a smile flickered over his countenance at the thought of the approaching "Bechinah." When he lifted his eyes, however, the expression on his face suddenly froze. A dim light in the Chemistry Laboratory recalled a recent foray upon school property perpetrated by some outsiders. "Who could possibly be in there at such an hour?" Gathering all the courage he could muster, he approached the door and feebly knocked. The only response was the sudden extinction of the light.

Both bewildered and dismayed, our befuddled president stumbled down the corridor in search of aid of any sort. Fortunately he collided into "Hy" Number Two—none other than our librarian himself. After a five-minute pep talk (the two evidently thought the thieves would play dead in the meantime), it was officially decided to call the janitor.

The three cautiously advanced towards the door, through which the light once again shone, and "Hy" Number One knocked for the second time—much more strongly, however, than on his previous attempt. Again the light disappeared! (?)

The mystery assumed larger and larger proportions. Within a minute the three martyrs(?) recalled the various happenings on the Shanghai front—the dead, the wounded, the suffering. Yet a president is after all a president, and a counter-attack was decided upon. The janitor managed to find the key hole in spite of his shaking knees, and slowly, slowly, slowly—a click!

They stepped over the threshold at half-mast, expecting a bullet to fly over their heads at any moment. Beads of sweat were pouring down their faces, and their wobbly knees were bumping against each other. For about thirty seconds no one dared to raise his eyes, but finally the janitor plucked up enough courage to attempt to pierce the darkness. Immediately a light snapped on. As the

three jumped in their fright, their eyes were turned in its direction.

They looked at the light intently, fascinated for the moment, and then they looked at each other. Simultaneously they burst into hysterical laughter. The electric bulb connected to the drying oven in the laboratory had automatically switched on. So this was the cause for the peculiar action of the light!

Slowly "Hy" Number One regained the corridor leading to his room, and even more slowly muttered under his breath, "So this is the life of a president, and all for the sake of science."

LEE.

(Continued from Page 71)

joyfully) Ha, ha, ha. . . . Golly I forgot all about it! Ha, ha, ha. . . . (Pulling pieces of cotton out of his ears.) I put it over on them alright, didn't I, Max?

Max: Yes, and on me, too! Boy, you got me scared stiff for a while. (Goes back to bed.) Mighty clever, these Hebrews! (aside) And he wouldn't even let me in on it. I'll get even with him yet. . . . Oh, I've got an idea! (Turning to Sam) . . . But what good did it do you?

Sam (eagerly): Why? What do you mean? Didn't the bells ring this morning?

Max: Naw!

Sam: No? . . . and how about the bugle?

Max: Naw!

Sam: You don't mean it, do you?

Max: Sure I do!

Sam: Well, of all the. . . . Imagine! . . . after taking all these precautions! . . . They never do anything right in this place. (Suddenly there is a sharp knocking at the door.)

Max: Open the door, will'ya Sam?

Sam: Oh, yeh? You paralyzed? You got up alright to wake me, didn't ya? (more knocking)

Max: Who's there? What do you want?

Voice: Come on, there, you lazy guys; get up and get down.

Max and Sam (rising): O.K. Getting right up . . . and down (fall back into bed.)

(Curtain)

I. B.

FROM THE DESK OF THE EDITORIAL STAFF

—On the eve of publication—

As we go to press there are a few things that we would like to get off our chests. . . .

It has been an enjoyable task to work on the "Masmid." Articles poured in abundantly and we hacked and cut to our hearts' content. Yet criticism was ever tempered with mercy and the struggling authors received our fullest sympathy when their articles were rejected and our heartiest approbation when their effusions were accepted.

The members of the faculty, too, this year have shown a very lively interest in the "Masmid." We are indeed very proud to have our poor literary efforts rub shoulders with Professor Jung's sincerity, with Professor Horne's contagious enthusiasm, with Doctor Revel's idealism, and finally with the highly original contributions and messages of Doctor Safir, our Dean, Doctor Churgin, our Professor of Hebrew Literature, Doctor Drachman, our worthy instructor of German, and last, but not least, our Director of Physical Education, Mr. Hurwitz.

We express our heartiest appreciation to them for their co-operation and interest in the "Masmid."

Before we go any further, we also want to extend our thanks to our literary advisors, Professor Horne, Doctor Shipley, and Doctor Liptzin.

It was indeed a pleasure to get the necessary "mazumah" from the Business Manager, Mr. Muss, and the smooth type-written pages from the highly efficient and highly meddlesome typists, Mr. Goldberg and Mr. Deutsch.

That the literary staff did its work goes without saying. Mr. Engelberg supervised the work nicely and Mr. Hoffman, of the business staff, galloped on his errands in all his dignity and weight. In brief, we all worked with splendid co-operation. A friendly spirit pervaded all our staff-meetings. In fact, the two Editors even roomed together throughout the year, thus having a chance to concoct the wildest schemes for the "Masmid."

Well, here goes, Mr. Printer.

Ye Editors.

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